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The Selling of Jesus 1973; Winding Down the War on Poverty/$1

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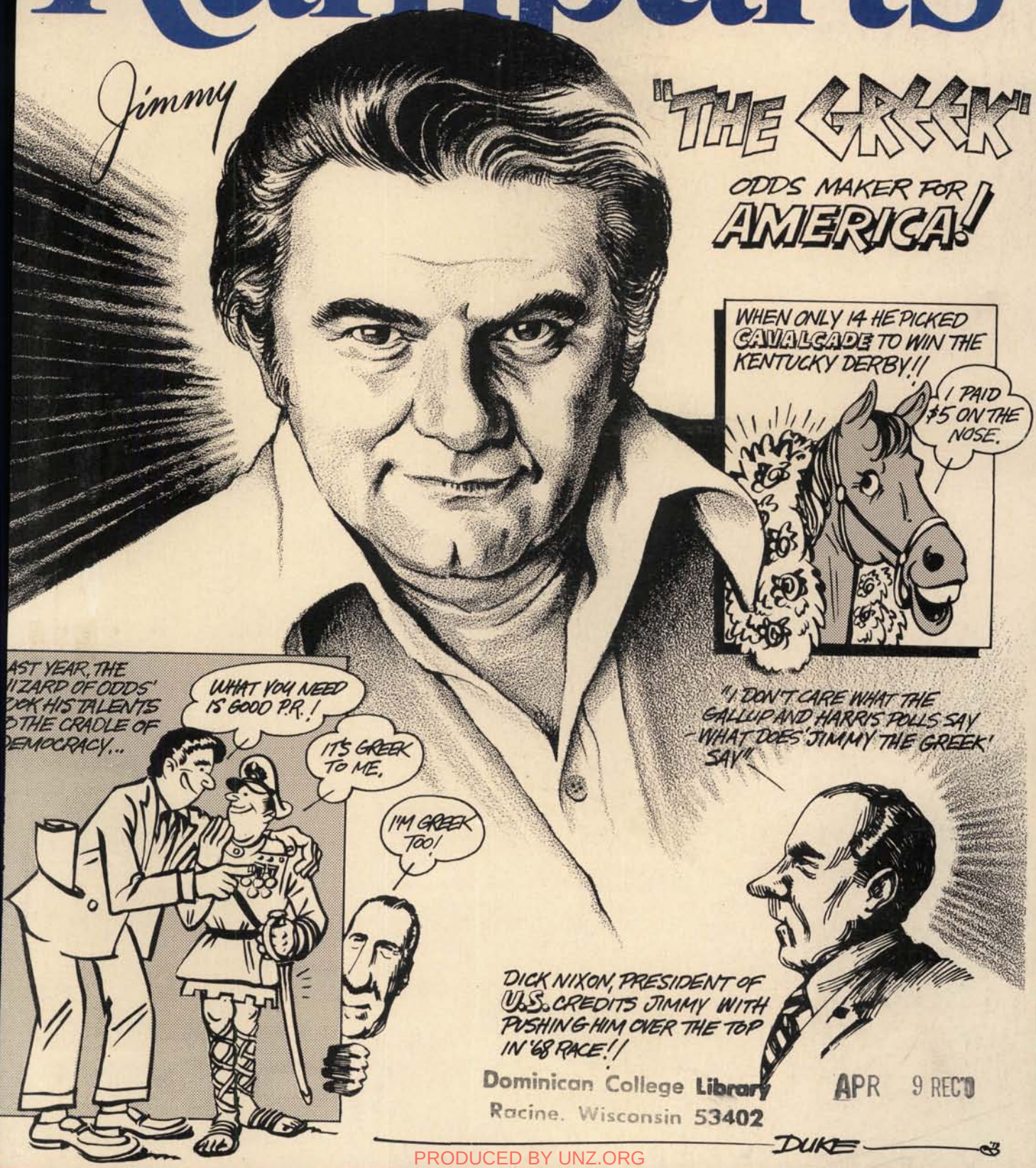
Jimmy
"THE GREEK"
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I PAID $5 ON THE NOSE.
"I DON'T CARE WHAT THE GALLUP AND HARRIS POLLS SAY - WHAT DOES 'JIMMY THE GREEK' SAY!"
AST YEAR, THE IZARD OF ODDS' CK HIS TALENTS THE CRADLE OF EMOCRACY...
WHAT YOU NEED IS GOOD P.R.!
IT'S GREEK TO ME.
I'M GREEK TOO!
DICK NIXON, PRESIDENT OF U.S. CREDITS JIMMY WITH PUSHING HIM OVER THE TOP IN '68 RACE!!
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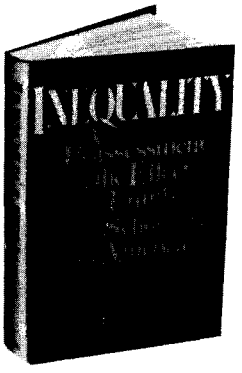
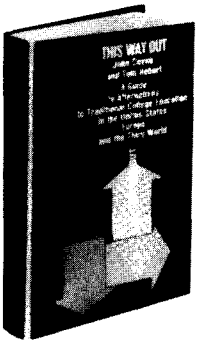
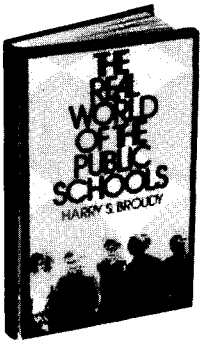


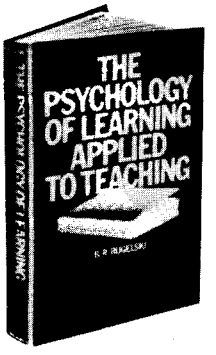
Not true about genes, I. Q. scores and "quality schooling"?



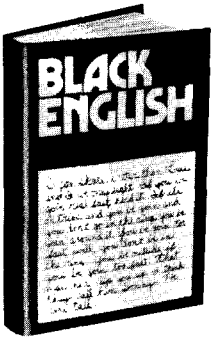
Should we *encourage* dropouts?



Has public education been criticized to death—for all the wrong reasons?



How can we reach the kids through their emotions?



Do blacks speak a legitimate foreign language?

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7
Letters

11
The American POWs
Their Glory Is All Moonshine
A perspective by Ngo Vinh Long

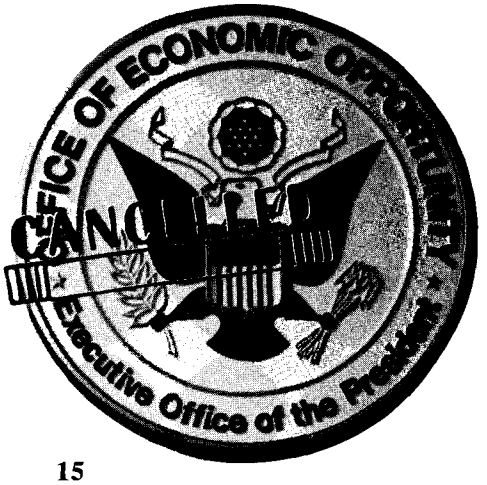
The international representative of the National Student Association of South Vietnam looks at the men who became POWs, their role in the American war effort. "The very way in which the United States treats its POWs as heroes," he writes, "suggests that it is proud of their actions and the criminal policies of the U.S. government."

21
Beware of Greeks Making Odds
A profile by Min S. Yee

Jimmy the Greek started out his gambling career in 1934 when, at age 14, he picked Cavalcade to win the Kentucky Derby. Relied on by millions to call the bets as he sees them, he has recently developed a nose for politics and prides himself on his friendship with the likes of Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew, H. L. Hunt, and the Greek military dictators. RAMPARTS editor Min Yee profiles the man who has been called America's Wizard of Odds.

29
Revolutionary Suicide:
My Days in Solitary
A memoir by Huey P. Newton

The founder and leader of the Black Panther Party writes about his prison experiences from 1968 to 1970, in an excerpt from his forthcoming autobiography, *Revolutionary Suicide*.



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The War on Poverty:
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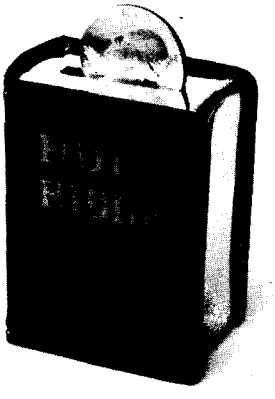
A report by James Ridgeway

Howard Phillips, the present and final director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, takes childish delight in terrorizing his employees. He has brought in a goon squad to bug phones, search files, shred records, and generally intimidate the liberal members of the OEO staff. But the agency's problems go deeper than Howard Phillips.

19
Locked Out: Our Last Days at OEO
A personal case history by Tom Mack and Tim Hoffman

The director and deputy director of Legal Services, San Francisco region, tell how they got canned. Not only were they conducting an aggressive legal service program for the poor, but they embarrassed the local OEO head by publicizing a junket he took to Samoa with his secretary and a Pan Am stewardess. It proved too much for Howard Phillips, who fired them.



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The Selling of the Lord, 1973
***An investigation* by Eugene L. Meyer**

The friends of Billy Graham have gotten together for a well-orchestrated, well-heeled "Christian blitz" this year. The idea is to replace rebellion with religion and to fill the philosophical vacuum of the 1970's. All this just happens to fit in quite nicely with Nixon's plans for the next four years. In fact, says Meyer, "the flag and the cross have become so superimposed in the national psyche that most Americans no longer notice the double exposure."

35
Last Tango in Buenos Aires
An on-the-scene report by Jose Yglesias

It is Peron's spring in Argentina, and the former dictator has returned in triumph. The ideological united front which once opposed him has broken down. He has kept the support of the workers and gained the young people who were once almost solidly opposed. But what does all this betoken for the country's future?

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A Gallery of Unlikely Occurrences
Caricatures by Edward Sorel and Kirkpatrick Sale

Ever thought you'd see Walt Disney producing porn films? or George Meany calling for workers' control of the means of production?

45
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A report by Andrew Kopkind

Scientists, it seems, are encountering difficulties in their attempts to comprehend the "drug experience."

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Brave, New Cities
A review by Thomas Morton

COVER BY LARRY DUKE

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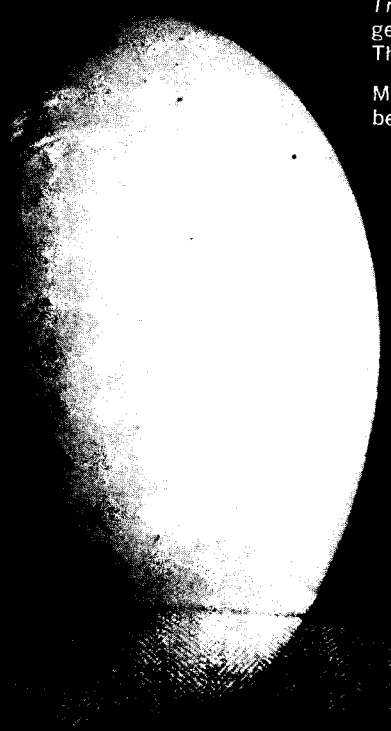

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Harper's Magazine

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The First Word

Like the moon shots and the death of Harry Truman, the return of the POW's was essentially a TV special, and they repeated their lines as if they had spent their entire captivity rehearsing for the moment. They thanked God, Nixon, and the American people, all the while muttering vaguely about the horrors of imprisonment in North Vietnam. Yet they are in excellent physical condition and totally unrepentant that they helped to lay waste an entire nation.

These men—these homespun, tongue-tied bombardiers—represent the worst in America, and the hero's welcome they have received chills us to the bone. The event itself bears the unmistakeable Nixon stamp: pure hype. And we share the concern expressed by Ngo Vinh Long in his perspective (page 11) that Nixon is using their homecoming to lay the basis for renewed bombings of Vietnam.

In this regard, we wish to call our readers' attention to two bills currently languishing on Capitol Hill. Numbered S. 578 and H.R. 3349, they would forbid the use of any public funds to re-engage U.S. forces in land, sea or air combat anywhere "in or over or from off the shores [of Indochina] without prior, specific authorization" by Congress. As we go to press, Nixon has delivered a lightly-veiled warning to the North Vietnamese that he may soon resume air attacks. When we couple that with his refusal to make the Thieu government abide by the ceasefire agreement and the general pattern of Administration behavior since January (discussed by Noam Chomsky in the April RAMPARTS) it looks like we have not seen the last of this war. These bills will die if the public does not demand their passage.

By all outward appearances, Nixon appears to be taking his cues on domestic policy from some vulgar Marxist script-writer who never made it beyond 1930. His is a classic counter-revolution, worthy of, say, the Sheriff of Nottingham. He unabashedly rewards his friends and patrons in big business with contracts, special dispensations, cabinet posts, trade privileges, and the like, then sends in a squad of right-wing fanatics to gut the Office of Economic Opportunity. No subtlety here. Nixon's poverty chief considers the agency "Marxist," doubtless because it derives in part from the notion that even the poor have rights. Howard Phillips is a caricature of himself. He and his crew-cut cronies would be funny were it not that their mission is a serious one, with disastrous consequences for the poor of America.

When he is not soaking the poor to feed the rich, Nixon concerns himself with such questions as moral turpitude. Faced with the spread of despair and anarchism, he plugs for patriotism and religion, through the Bicentennial on the one hand and Key 73 on the other. The "Christian blitz"—described by Gene Meyer in this issue—is, in its own way, as outlandish as the Administration's tactics against the poor. It seems almost as though the script-writer has read a certain text in which it is suggested that religion is a kind of "opiate" which can be used to keep people satisfied with their miserable lot and away from political activity. "I have faith," said Nixon not long ago, "because there is still in the heartland . . . a strong religious faith, a morality, a spiritual quality."

Spirit and money are never far apart in America, and the appropriate complement to this moralistic posturing is represented by Jimmy the Greek, to whom the Nixon team turns for support, advice, and numbers. If Bob Hope is the Court Jester and Billy Graham the Spiritual Advisor, then Jimmy the Greek figures as something like the President's Wizard of Odds, and his story can be seen as a kind of metaphor for Nixon's America.

In a brighter note, we are pleased to present in this issue of RAMPARTS an excerpt from Huey Newton's forthcoming autobiography, *Revolutionary Suicide*. It appears at a time when the Black Panther Party has reestablished itself as a major political force in Oakland, and serves, in a way, as a testimonial to the strength of the Party and its chief ideologue. Several book clubs have already chosen it as their monthly selection. It appears destined to become a classic of the genre. —**The Editors**

Ramparts

Vol. 11, No. 11 May 1973

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Letters

[DEATH ON THE YARD]

Editors / I read your article [Death on the Yard, April, 1973] with interest. Thanks for sticking out your neck. The reading world wants only to read the system's side of the San Quentin and Marin County incidents.

Lester Jackson, Jr.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed. Note: Mr. Jackson is the father of George and Jonathan Jackson.

Editors / I was really amazed to see that cover. It's been more than three years but it took me right back to Soledad. It was like you were there in the yard. Keep up the good work.

Tomas L. Meneweather
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed. Note: Mr. Meneweather was *on the Soledad O-wing yard. He was wounded in the hand during the shooting.*

[HEALTH LEAKS]

Editors / The Health Policy Advisory Center (Health-PAC) is a research and education center which puts out a monthly bulletin on the politics of health care. Last year, information given the Health-PAC helped stop a New York City plan to sell several municipal hospitals to the private sector.

We would like to be the receptacle for leaks on the machinations of the health system. Health planners, health policy bureaucrats and other angry and concerned health workers can send information to Health-PAC at 17 Murray St., New York, NY 10007, (212) 267-8890, or 558 Capp St., San Francisco, CA 94110, (415) 282-3896.

Susan Reverby
Health-PAC
New York, NY

[ITT]

Editors / An error slipped into the Herein page of your March issue. In a capsule description of the article about Harold Geneen and ITT which I wrote for you, it was stated that "the ITT exec has gobbled up close to 800 companies in 80 countries."

As correctly stated in the text itself, the company under Geneen's management in the past fourteen years has acquired through purchase and merger about 200 companies. The larger total refers to acquisitions covering and including the period dating back to World War I.

In many instances, ITT took in communications companies that had themselves expanded through acquisitions, and if a grand total of all of them could be compounded, the number of individual enterprises that disappeared into the ITT empire would probably add up to a couple of thousand.

One other point. I wrote that the conglomerate's total revenues "would probably approach $8.5 billion in 1972," making it 12½ times larger in terms of sales than it was when Geneen took over. The figures for 1972 have now been reported. Revenues for the year were $8.6 billion.

William Rodgers
Centreville, Md.

[CHARLIE CHAN]

Editors / I came across Frank Chin's recent article, "Confessions of a Number One Son," [*Ramparts,* March 1973]. As just another American-Chinese, I express my alliance with Frank's feelings in regard to America's attitude toward the "yellows."

In this country, it has always seemed necessary for Asians to be catalogued and identified in as many ways conceivable with those fine or sinister traits so distinguishable of the yellow race. Even as Asian-Americans born and raised in the fine tradition of America, whatever that might be, we will forever be the victims of our Founding Father in America, Charlie Chan.

Yet we are not the sole victims of America's mis-moulded racial attitudes. The Charlie Chan of our race must die. But not only this Chan. The Chans of all other racial minorities in a predominantly white America must be sought out, defined, and then cast into notoriety toward their ultimate deaths. This can be the only course toward a more humane and equitable America.

Thomas J. Ho
Petersburg, Va.

[BABA RAM DAS]

Editors / The pictures of Baba Ram Das in your February issue were well worth the price of admission. I don't mind spending a buck to have these excellent shots of this beautiful human being.

The article is something else. I see *Ramparts* as a protestor, opposed to authority and holy men alike. The Disloyal Opposition. Friend or foe, shoot 'em down. And Baba Ram Das is both authority and holy. I can't wait until you interview Moses and Jesus and Einstein and Martin Buber. I hope the pictures will be as good.

Jack Gaines
Stinson Beach, Calif.

[WHAT'S HAPPENING AT RAMPARTS?]

Editors / This letter has taken me a long time to get around to but after the January number I couldn't hold off any longer. I have been a subscriber since the spring of 1965. So I believe I can speak of the magazine's failings from long experience.

The January 1973 issue was very weak, but only went a little further wrong than the average. But the February issue seemed to mark a real change. Why in the world would anyone interested in clear and sound political analysis conceivably be interested in Baba Ram Das or Monti Rock? Those two articles should have been scrapped before they got past the first reading.

What *Ramparts* claims to be, and for me ought to be, is a radical magazine dealing with social problems and muckraking from the point of view of the non-sectarian left. If there are articles on popular culture they ought to be brief and presented strictly as aids to radical analysis of the culture. What ought to be done with the extra space, once the news has been filled, is real on-going analysis. I've come to think of *Ramparts* as, in Chekov's term, "A Thousand and One Troubles." Each issue raises numerous problems, shows a multitude of new outrages, but almost never puts them in the context of the old ones–which is what analysis is all about. That sort of journalism keeps a context alive for events. The alternative is not to be an alternative medium at all, but to function from a left perspective the way all the rest of the media function–presenting only bits and pieces, encouraging the belief that there is no center, no overall, no whole to be understood and fought. Your perspective must be more unifying if you are to have any function other than sensational reportage and exposé.

This may have sounded like a very negative letter, but I am a long-time supporter of *Ramparts* and would feel a great void in my news-gathering without it. I just want you to be a lot more than you are at present.

Rich Yurman
San Francisco, Calif.

Editors / It is with dismay that borders on outrage that I write you. I have long been a subscriber. Recently, when I received a letter saying the magazine needed help, I took a two-year subscription. I had felt during the last years that while there were issues that were a little overly slick, *Ramparts* was one of the few critical mass-circulated magazines in America. Sadly, that critical spirit appears to be gone from your February issue.

I asked myself what it was that made *Ramparts* special. Why is it that almost no article in the old *Ramparts* could ever appear in magazines like *Playboy, Esquire* or *Harpers?* I think that the distinction lay in *Ramparts'* commitment to socialist politics. There was an overall sense one got from the magazine that so long as there is capitalism there will be oppression. This was saying more than just that things are bad (which everybody knows); it was the nerve to say that other options exist, that those can only be achieved through collective struggle. In the old magazine an article like Sara Davidson's on Baba Ram Dass would not appear–not because such things should not be written, but because they are not options for our movement.

What happened? The new format to "expand coverage" to reach a wider audience

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218297* BILL WITHERS STILL BILL
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215469* THE GRASS ROOTS MOVE ALONG
207456* RAY STEVEN'S GREATEST HITS
216669* PROCOL HARUM LIVE IN CONCERT WITH THE EDMONTON SYMP. ORCH.
215251 BREAD Baby I'm-A Want You
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219485 TOM JONES CLOSE UP
222190* O'JAYS BACK STABBERS
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220335* CHUCK BERRY THE LONDON SESSIONS
219782 THE BEST OF JUDY COLLINS Colors of the Day
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221630 DONNY OSMOND TOO YOUNG
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213538 PAUL SIMON Me and Julio Down by The Schoolyard
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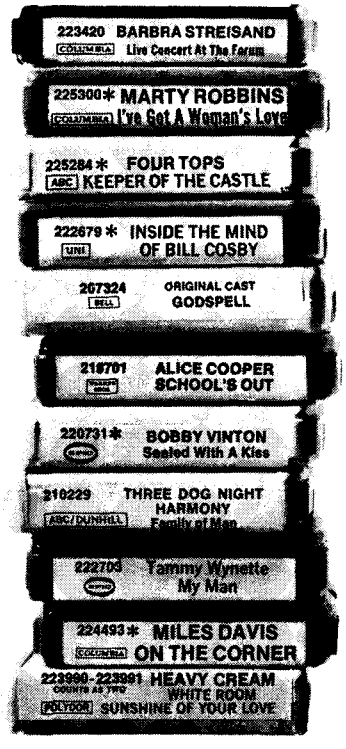
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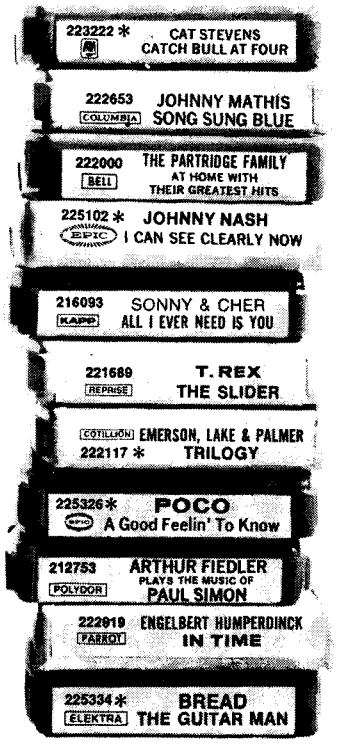
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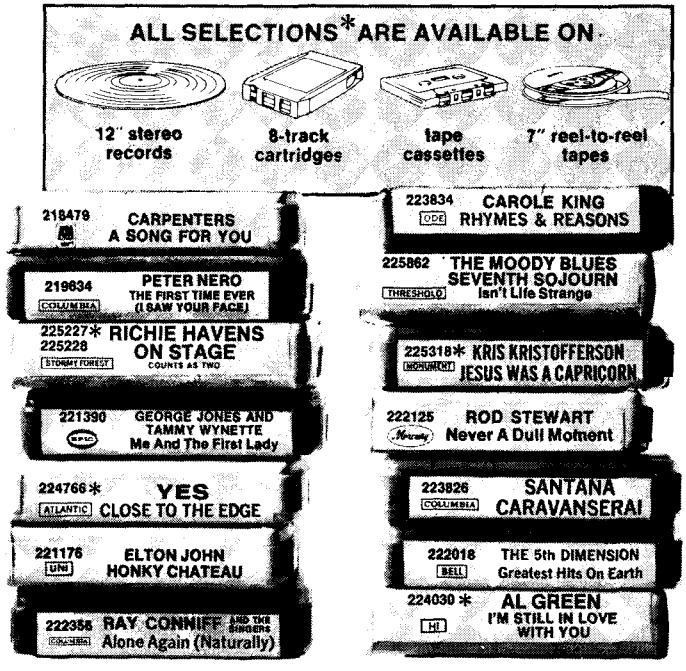
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☐ Cartridges (K5-W) ☐ Cassettes (K6-X) ☐ Reel Tapes (K7-Y) 55B

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☐ Easy Listening ☐ Teen Hits ☐ Country ☐ Classical

Whichever Club I've joined, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do *not* wish any selection, I'll mail the card provided by the date specified, or use the card to order any selection I do want. If I want *only* the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. Occasionally, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

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involved a real difference in political view. I do not oppose *Ramparts* reaching more people, but was the decision also to scrap socialist principles? I think that your new track means death for *Ramparts* because if I am at all representative of the old readership we will not resubscribe.

John Kaufmann
Troy, New York

Ed. Note: We have received a number of criticisms like these, and have attempted to explain our recent innovations in a special letter to our subscribers, reprinted on pages 62 and 63 of this issue. We welcome a discussion of these matters and urge readers to write us about their thoughts on changes in Ramparts *and on the proper role of a radical magazine in the 1970's.*

[KEEP IT UP]

Editors / Keep up your good journalistic work. This country needs a magazine like yours. I feel a bit less duped each time I read an issue.

Matthew Dodd
Huntington, West Va.

Editors / A good part of the reason for my renewal is that *Ramparts* arrives thoroughly looked over (envelope torn, back "broken"). Someone is having a good look at it en route. May his/her enlightenment continue!

Sarah Valentine
Majacar Almer, Spain

Editors / Since you probably don't get many fan letters from Rockland County, I thought you might enjoy receiving one. As a charter subscriber to *Ramparts* who has followed it thru its ups and downs I have been pleased to note how much it has improved. I'll be looking forward to every next issue.

Rosemarie Scherman
Stony Point, N.Y.

[MIDDLE EAST]

Editors / I would like to compliment you on the articles by Noam Chomsky ["The Dark at the End of the Tunnel"] and Paul Jacobs ["The View from Tel Aviv and Beirut"] in the January and March issues of Ramparts. These are the first sensible left analyses of the Israeli-Arab conflict and are very helpful to those who are active in the Israeli opposition.

Martin Gouterman
Seattle, Washington

[GAY ROCK]

Editors / It was with the usual great interest and pleasure that I reserve for *Ramparts* in general that I read your March issue. More so way my reading of Andrew Kopkind's short but excellent report on "Gay Rock." It said so much of what I've been trying to tell my friends who cannot, or refuse, to see themselves as part of an incredibly sexist (and racist) rock culture that shares the same vicious and stereotyped beliefs that their parents have expressed and lived. For all their self-professed tolerance and freedom, most show an ugliness I've always feared ran under their Woodstock Nation exteriors.

Leonard Tirado
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Editors / In your recent story on gay rock stars, you accused Elton John of being gay. I hope you realize you can be sued for libel. Your backup statement was that he and Bernie Taupin wrote a love song to a man. This song is "Daniel." Bernie writes the lyrics; Elton writes the music. This is because Elton can't write lyrics and Bernie can't write music. Bernie happens to be married to a lovely lady named Maxine. Also, you said that E.J. does a drag number in his touring show. In case you didn't know, this is called showmanship.

Not only have you insulted one of the greatest rock stars of all time, you have insulted me. This has been a wasted effort on my part because you probably don't have the gumption to print this.

Frank B. Coleman, IV
Cooperstown, N.Y.

[FREE SCHOOLS]

Editors / In his article, "Racism in the Counter-culture: Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" [Dec. 1972] Jonathan Kozol rightfully condemns so-called countercultural schools that are set up as wealthy, exclusive "compounds ... in which there will be neither blacks nor Puerto Ricans, neither Chicanos nor poor whites of any stamp or breed or ethnic background." But then Kozol goes on to say, "... 'new,' 'strange,' 'experimental' forms and ways of sex, love, psychic transformation and experience in the direct face of those who die of heroin overdose ... this to me is a definition of neurosis, nightmare, holocaust and horror." I wonder if it has ever occurred to Kozol that the old forms of sex, love, and experience might be the cause of the human misery, insensitivity, and unconcern that make for the slums and the other conditions that lead to heroin addiction.

Kozol feels that free schools can go in one of two directions. On the one hand there are "self-serving innovations" in ways of living, experiencing, and relating to one another; on the other, there is political risk and ethical endeavor." It is not quite that simple. Innovations in human consciousness are not merely self-serving. They are politically risky, and they are ethical endeavor. Our present state of human consciousness is one of the causes of injustice, oppression, and human misery. It cuts in every direction. Blacks in the slums are not the only ones dying of heroin overdose.

Kozol gives us a choice: "... to join with vigorous passion in the transformation of this nation, or else to sit back on their cushions and watch history pass before their eyes." All my life I have read and heard of zealots trying to transform nations and change history. As far as I can tell, the world is not much the better for any of it. Perhaps it is time to spend a little less time trying to transform nations and start trying to transform persons.

Kozol's all or nothing attitude seems to me to be the best evidence for my argument. One result of a worthwhile revolution will be persons who are tolerant and understanding of the endeavors of their fellows, even though those endeavors are different from their own.

By the way, I am amused that Kozol finds particular significance in the rise in sales of *The Whole Earth Catalogue* and the decline in sales of books by Eldridge Cleaver, C. Wright Mills and Malcolm X! It has been my experience that rise in sales of new books always parallels the decline in sales of old books. I don't know what revolutionary purpose would be served by my buying Cleaver, Mills, and Malcolm X again.

Michael S. Kaye
Pacific High School
Los Gatos, Calif.

[LOOKING BACKWARD]

Editors / Most essays contain elements of contradictions as well as nostalgic elements of truth. Kopkind's article ["Looking Backward: The Sixties and the Movement," Feb. 1973] revealed one American radical's insistence on reviewing past battles through a black and white television in a developing epoch that demands broader hues of color. A more careful analysis would have revealed other struggles involving not simply "black revolutionaries" and "white radicals."

Historically, the problem with self-effacing "radical" analysis of the "movement" has been its very ahistorical character. Was it ignorance or oversight that led Kopkind to omit Caesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta from his canvas? More importantly, what of 25,000 Chicanos and Latinos battling Los Angeles County Sheriffs at the National Chicano Moratorium in East Los Angeles preceded by Chicano high school student boycotts of inferior education, boycotts that affected close to 15,000 students in the Chicano communities of the L.A. Basin area. Surely a strike at Cal Berkeley by Chicano, and other Third World students in concert with AFT support, that paralyzed the big U. and set the stage for Peoples Park, warrants more than casual oversight?

As long as Chicanos and other Raza people remain relegated to the footnotes and addendums of history in the eyes of "radical" writers a la Kopkind, they can continue to dream or hope—in vain.

Jaime Soliz
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed Note: The article, as originally conceived and commissioned by us, was a retrospective on the white *movement. Perhaps the title should have made this clear.*

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Perspective

The American POWs: THEIR GLORY IS ALL MOONSHINE*

by Ngo Vinh Long

American POWs have been welcomed back to "The World," as they call it, with "little touches," tax-free bonanzas, and much fanfare. The "little touches" have included kisses from flight nurses, cakes baked aboard, American cigarettes chewing gum, "Halloween bags" of candy, and "very fancy flowered towels." The tax-free bonanzas come in the form of cold cash, grab bags of gifts, and special job offers. And the fanfare goes on every day with marching bands, press conferences and live TV coverage. All this joy prompted Howard K. Smith of ABC to comment that the attention and care paid to the POWs proved the great humanity of the American people. Once again he condemned those who refused to acknowledge this national quality of munificence. His sentiments are shared by many Americans.

Some, to be sure, have pointed out that this great American humanity has been extended only to a rather select group of professional soldiers and civilian personnel while those Americans who bore the brunt of this war, the veterans, have been at best subjected to "benign neglect." Moreover, the celebrations have served to cover up and justify the inhumane policies of the United States against the Indochinese people—the gooks, the dinks, the slant-eyes, the Oriental human beings. The TV networks, indeed, paid almost as much attention to the dog brought back from Hanoi by a POW as they have to political prisoners in South Vietnam.

DAVE FLORES

Ex-POW, Commander Richard A. Stratton

There is no doubt that on the personal level there is a need to forgive and forget after a war. And nobody understands this more than the Vietnamese themselves. But the very way in which the United States treats its POWs as heroes suggests that it is proud of their actions and the criminal policies of the U.S. government. And, indeed, the POWs themselves have scarcely been inclined to recant their complicity in war crimes. Col. Robinson Risner, for example, was quoted

* I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell.
—William Tecumseh Sherman

Ngo Vinh Long is director of the Vietnam Resource Center in Cambridge, Mass., and author of a forthcoming book on the Vietnamese peasantry, Before the August Revolution, *to be published by MIT Press.*

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DAVE FLORES

by the *New York Times* (February 27, 1973) in support of President Nixon's handling of the war—including the saturation raids last Christmas against Hanoi, Haiphong and other populated areas of North Vietnam. The colonel recalled: "On the 18th of December—I think that was the first night of the B-52 raids—there was never such joy seen in our camp before. We knew they were B-52's and that President Nixon was keeping his word and that the Communists were getting the message. . . . They at last knew that we had some weapons they had not felt, and that President Nixon was willing to use those weapons in order to get us out of Vietnam."

Whether, in fact, the bombing hastened the return of the American POWs is a highly debatable question. Asked about this at his January 24 press conference, Kissinger said that he did not "want to speculate on North Vietnamese motives; I have too much trouble analyzing our own." In any event, Col. Risner and his friends were overjoyed because as pilots they understood full well the destructiveness of the B-52's. Each B-52 typically carries about 20 tons of 500-pound bombs. It flies at an altitude of 30,000 feet and drops bombs which cover "a rectangle a mile and a half long and a half mile wide with flames and flying steel fragments." (*New York Times,* December 26, 1972.) If there is no overlap, 100 B-52's can thus destroy an area of about 34 square miles, or 32,000 acres, in a single mission. During the 11-day bombing, over 100 B-52s and several hundred fighter bombers devastated North Vietnam 24 hours a day. By December 24, the sixth day of the bombing, about 40,000 tons of munitions had been dumped on the populated areas of the Red River Delta of North Vietnam. The area cratered by the bombing in these first few days was equal to that which would be devastated by about one hundred Hiroshima bombs.

The Red River Delta is North Vietnam's heartland. Some 12.5 million people live there in an area of about 3 million acres. In this region is located most of North Vietnam's farmland and here most of its food is produced. Here, too, is where the danger of floods during the rainy season is greatest, a danger prevented only by a dike system painfully constructed over a period of a thousand years.

The captured American pilots certainly knew the importance of the Red River Delta: for years they had bombed the area. No doubt they understood the results of the brutal onslaught over the Christmas vacation when hundreds of people died, thousands of homes were devastated, and whole cities such as Bac Giang totally destroyed. According to Col. Risner, they greeted this destruction with unprecedented joy.

As for the civilian POWs, almost all were operatives of the Agency for International Development (AID) and in Vietnam, AID is inseparable from the CIA. Its funds have furnished torture chambers, built prisons, supplied the Saigon police, and assassinated political opponents of the Thieu regime. These Americans are hardly innocent do-gooders. Consider, for example, Douglas K. Ramsey, whom Peter Arnett and Seymour Hersh have written up with almost ob-

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GARY FREEDMAN

sequious reverence. He served as right-hand man to the late John Paul Vann, another American whom the *New York Times* has treated with deep respect.

Often described as the most effective civilian operative in Vietnam, Vann was widely considered the most cruel by opponents of the Saigon government. He specialized, among other things, in "black propaganda," which involved him in murder, forgery, and outright deception of the American press in order to discredit the NLF, in particular, and the opposition to American intervention, in general. For example, just before his fatal helicopter crash, Vann fed the newspapers a story about two Catholic priests said to have been executed by the NLF. When the archdiocese of Saigon protested vehemently against this lie, the *New York Times* printed a tiny retraction on page 8 of their May 13, 1972 issue.

In any event, Douglas Ramsey worked for Vann in Hau Nghia. He was an important operative in part because he spoke Vietnamese well (a facility he attributed to his training as an opera singer). Vann put him in charge of numerous programs, including the so-called "counter-terror" program, predecessor to the Phoenix program which resulted in the execution of 40,000 civilians, according to Saigon statistics. In this capacity, Ramsey personally led his men on nighttime raids which were intended to cause death and destruction and which might later be blamed on the "Communists." This personal involvement supposedly generated Vietnamese confidence in him and, in turn, won him the respect of the Americans. Consequently, after his capture by the NLF in January 1966, the Americans time and again sought to obtain his release. Tens of thousands of dollars were offered as a reward, and the U.S. tried repeatedly to exchange him for NLF prisoners, and even for other Americans. Ramsey's "achievements" became well-known to many Vietnamese, and he reportedly expected that he would be executed after his arrest. However he never even suffered physical abuse, although he says that "there were definite threats to make an example" of him because his captors believed that he was "a high-level CIA agent with the blood of thousands of Vietnamese on my hands." A foolish point: the NLF *knew* of his criminal activities whether he was a high-level CIA agent or not.

Not only have the POWs been used to obfuscate the real nature of American policies; not only have their criminal acts been glorified: in addition, the prisoners have had the gall to insinuate mistreatment by their Vietnamese captors and to attack the antiwar movement and McGovern liberals for serving as a "source of strength" to North Vietnam, thereby prolonging the war and the POWs' captivity. In a way, the charges of maltreatment may be understandable. Nixon needs to save face (in April 1971 he said that the North Vietnamese "without question have been the most barbaric in the handling of prisoners of any nation in history"). Then, again, the POWs are anxious to gain as much sympathy as possible. Hence the statements about having been "forced" to make antiwar announcements, although no details have been given for fear that they may "endanger the release of the prisoners" still in the hands of the DRV and the NLF! Douglas Ramsey, for one, recounted the pressure to which he was subjected: "I was told that all statements were voluntary and then reminded that I had received good treatment, including medicines and vitamins." Even if the rhetoric should escalate after all American prisoners have been released, this will neither pose a very substantial problem for North Vietnam nor alter the reality about the treatment of the POWs: no American POWs coming back from any previous war have been as healthy as these prisoners. In no other war have POWs been officially permitted to organize while in captivity, nor have they been allowed "daily cups of juice and milk"—nourishments which are reserved for babies of privileged families in Vietnam.

What is perhaps more dangerous is the POWs' attempt to denigrate, in the words of Col. Risner, "the people who were downing or bad-mouthing our Government and our policies." The prisoners' praise of Nixon for bringing them home with honor lays the groundwork for the attacks that are to come. How destructive this repression will be depends largely on the efforts of concerned Americans to clarify the basic issues of the Vietnam war. So far, however, many liberals are so intimidated they have not dared challenge even the most blatant lies from the White House.

This situation has made it possible for Nixon to announce publicly time and again that his Administration recognizes the Thieu regime as the sole and legitimate government of South Vietnam, on the one hand, while denying any responsibility for the sabotage of the Agreements by the Thieu regime, on the other. The Nixon Administration may have abandoned all hope of retaining control of South Vietnam, but it has not abandoned its goal of making South Vietnam a lesson and a warning to other countries in Southeast Asia, and possibly in Africa and South America. The price for opposing an American-supported regime is wanton destruction of the country. If, by some miracle, the rebellion is winning—as the Vietnamese people are winning—then the U.S. will sabotage attempts to reconstruct the country and carry out new programs.

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Thieu has, in fact, repeatedly and flagrantly violated the ceasefire. According to the *New York Times* (February 28, 1973), "... the South Vietnamese Government has continued to fight to regain all positions it lost just before the ceasefire and ... it has continued to seek and attack Communist units wherever it could find them." The Thieu regime has put the DRV and PRG members of the Four-Party Joint Military Commission under virtual house arrest, and denied permission to talk to them. Meanwhile, a Canadian officer reports that in some cases Saigon authorities have threatened to shoot any PRG officer who attempts to visit the Commission headquarters in Saigon-controlled areas. (*New York Times,* March 7, 1973). All this has enabled the Saigon regime to commit gross violations of the Agreements. For example, the Saigon regime claimed to have released about 20,000 civilian prisoners and about an equal number of PRG POWs as of early February. Since this was done without the verification and participation of the Commission, the Thieu government was, in effect, declaring that it is no longer accountable for the whereabouts of about 40,000 persons. It claims that these people have switched their political allegiance—a preposterous lie. On the one hand, the figure of 40,000 is about 30 times larger than the number of prisoners set free last year under the "open arms" program. Then, again, why did Thieu not release them at the time they supposedly switched sides? In all likelihood, many of these prisoners have been assassinated, because they would pose a potential threat to the Thieu regime if they were released. Details of tortures "more sadistic, more barbaric than ever," wholesale machine-gunning of political prisoners, starvation and deliberate infection of prisoners with fatal diseases are all revealed in letters recently smuggled out of South Vietnam's prisons.* These actions constitute a gross violation of Article 8 of the Protocol on the Prisoners signed by the four parties, section (b) of which states:

> *All Vietnamese civilian personnel captured and detained in South Vietnam shall be treated humanely at all times, and in accordance with international practice.*
>
> *They shall be protected against all violence to life and person, in particular against murder in any form, mutilation, torture and cruel treatment and outrages against personal dignity. The detaining parties shall not deny or delay their return for any reason including the fact that captured person may, on any ground, have been prosecuted or sentenced. These persons shall not be forced to join the armed forces of the detaining party.*
>
> *They shall be given adequate food, clothing, shelter and the medical attention required for their state of health. ...*

Section (a) of Article 7 defines civilian prisoners "to mean all persons who, having in any way contributed to the political and armed struggle between the two parties, have been arrested for that reason and have been kept in detention by either party during the period of hostilities." However, according to the Feb. 25-March 3 issue of *The Asian,* a Hong Kong weekly newspaper,

> *Reports from all over South Vietnam indicate that the government of Nguyen Van Thieu has embarked on a massive "reclassification" of political prisoners, moving them into the ranks of criminal offenders. Thus the thousands of jailed anti-Thieu politicians, intellectuals and students would be excluded in any mass release of political detainees.*

Such "reclassifications" are in clear violation of Section (b) of Article 8 quoted above.

So far, the U.S. has absolved itself of all responsibility in this regard. The silence of the Nixon Administration bespeaks its intention to let Thieu sabotage the agreements.

This is precisely the reason why, on February 27, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV) announced the temporary freeze in the return of American POWs. Contrary to reports in the American press, the DRV has never used the prisoners as a lever for gaining concessions from the U.S. On the contrary, it has maintained a consistent position: POWs are exchanged only when the war is ended. Thieu's violations of the ceasefire agreement suggest that the United States and Saigon are not yet ready to end the war. Therefore, by temporarily suspending the return of American POWs, the DRV wanted to force Washington to state clearly—on the eve of the International Conference on the Vietnam situation—whether it intended to abide by the terms of the Agreements or go on waging war. We do not know the American reply to this question, but we do know that, even at the present time, Thieu has not agreed to release NLF POWs—let alone political prisoners—at the specified rate. If the negotiations with Thieu collapse in the next month or two, there is no guarantee that there won't be great political upheavals in South Vietnam. Such a situation would only lead Thieu to increase repression. Already, his police force is 300,000 strong, paid with U.S. money and trained by U.S. advisers, in clear violation of Article 5 and Article 9 of the Agreements.

In the event of upheaval, how would the various parties react? If the PRG has to meet force with force, what would Nixon do? Thieu has called for the resumption of U.S. bombing should the ceasefire break down. Meanwhile, Kissinger, Richardson and other American officials have stated that it is "impossible and undesirable" to rule out such re-intervention. Presumably such a turn of events would be most "possible and desirable" after the last American POWs and GIs have returned to the United States. But then, as one Vietnamese official remarked, the American POWs have been released "as rapidly as they were captured." Who is to say that--60 days after the signing of the Paris Agreement—American POWs won't be captured just as fast as before?

Americans who don't want there to be any more American POWs, and Americans who sympathize with the Vietnamese POWs as much as they do with their own, would be well advised to pressure the Nixon Administration to abide by the Agreements and withdraw support from the Thieu regime. Thieu has prolonged the suffering of the American and Vietnamese peoples too long already. That responsibility is clearly his—and not the antiwar movement's, as the POWs would have us believe. ■

* See the January and February issues of *Thoi Bao Ga,* the monthly newspaper of the Vietnam Resource Center in Cambridge.

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The War on Poverty:

NIXON PULLS OUT

by James Ridgeway

WASHINGTON–Howard Phillips hates the Office of Economic Opportunity, an outfit he recently described as "Marxist." His thoughts on the subject would not count for much were it not for the fact that Phillips is the director of OEO. True, his purpose there is to preside over the dismantling of the agency, but he has undertaken his job with such enthusiasm as to create the beginnings of serious political protest against Nixon's plans. In the course of events, he has made an ass of himself and the President in the press.

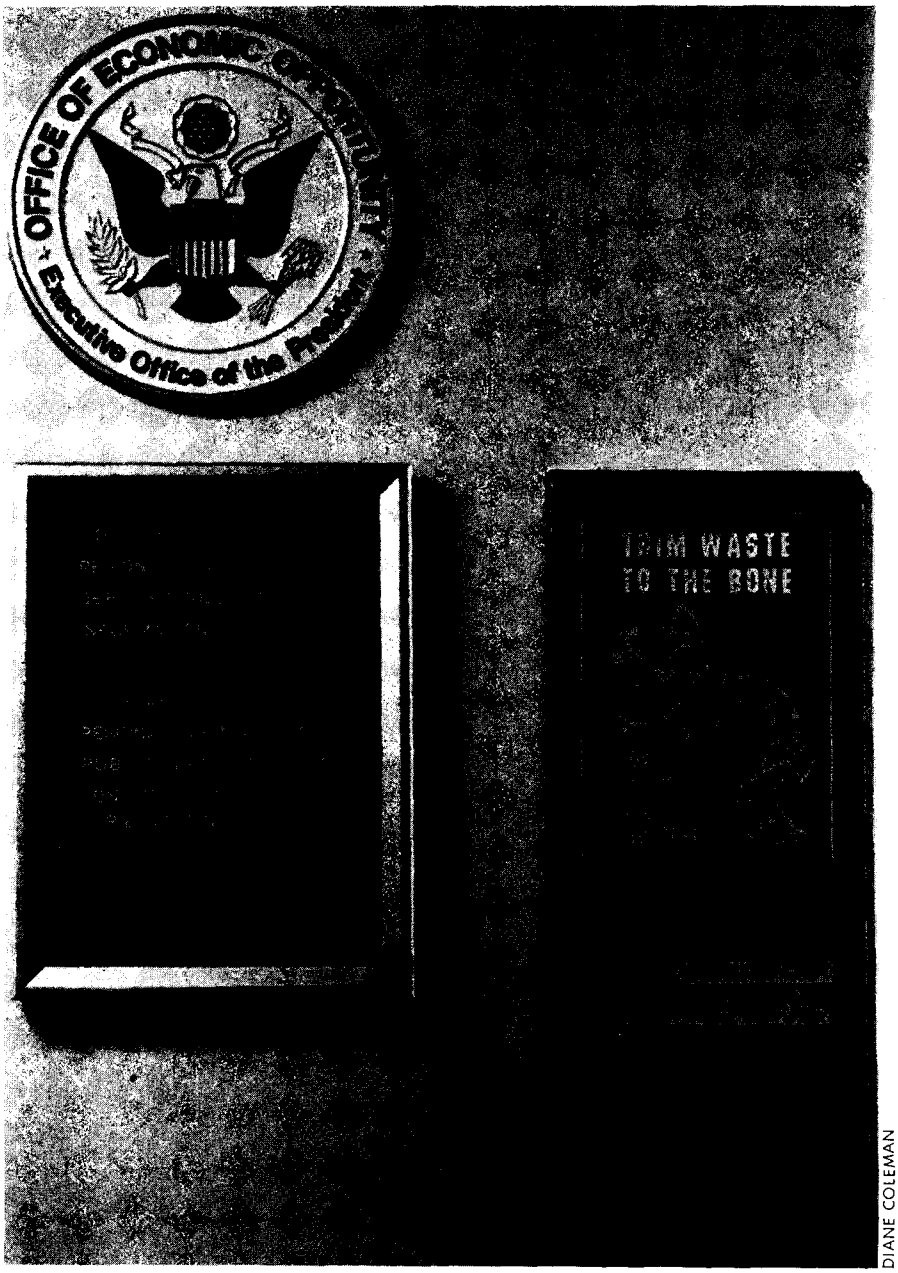
The core of Phillips' problem appears to be the childish delight he takes in terrorizing his employees. When he took over at OEO, he brought 26 hired consultants (or "goons," as they are referred to by OEO employees) who race around the building telling people they've got 15 minutes to get out, search files, shred records, and engage in all the other gumshoe hocus-pocus so reminiscent of the Watergate. His first day on the job, the 32-year-old former Young American for Freedom reportedly told Phillip Sanchez, his predecessor, to leave by the end of the day, and not to use the chauffered car assigned to the director because he, Phillips, would be using it.

Phillips assigned one of his new assistants as a deputy to Ted Tetzlaff, director of legal services. The aide told Tetzlaff he wanted to monitor his telephones because Phillips was "terribly concerned about leaks." Tetzlaff refused to go along. At that point Phillips dispatched another associate, Alan McKay, to speak to Tetzlaff. "Well, Howie's decided," McKay announced.

"Decided what?" Tetzlaff asked.

"Decided to accept your resignation."

"That's cute because I haven't resigned."



DIANE COLEMAN

San Francisco regional OEO office

"Well, then he's prepared to terminate you."

"Do I have some time to think it over?" Tetzlaff asked.

"Sure," McKay replied, "So long as you're out of the building by 4 P.M."

Later that day Tetzlaff had a visit from Mike Grogan, another Phillips crony. "I hate to be throwing dirt on the coffin," said Grogan, "but can we help you pack?"

When Tetzlaff asked to meet Phillips, the request was denied. "Howie wanted you to know it was nothing personal," McKay explained.

"God damn it, he's crazy," Tetzlaff said of his old boss. "He's an ultra-right winger. A true believer." When Phillips first took over, Tetzlaff explained, everyone thought he would be going after the McGovern types, but as it turned out he was after anyone "left of Attila the Hun."

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It is, frankly, questionable whether OEO ever had much chance of succeeding in the first place. The legislation grew out of a conviction held by economists in the Kennedy Administration that unemployment and poverty resulted from various structural imbalances in the society. If only workers could be retrained and given new skills, and work reorganized, then the poor unemployed might be fitted into existing jobs and full employment obtained. In those days, if you argued that there were not enough jobs to go around, the reigning economists would snatch up a newspaper from the coffee table and lecture you by reading off Help Wanted ads in the classified pages. Thus the War on Poverty was designed to send experts down into the ghetto where they would launch a variety of programs to assist the poor in bootstrapping it over the ghetto walls and out into the world of the middle class.

Unfortunately, this approach never made much of a dent in unemployment or poverty. The official, conservative unemployment rate hangs around five percent, and Nixon concedes his "boom" economy won't bring unemployment down below four percent. Studies by a Senate subcommittee suggest matters are much worse. A close look at Census Bureau data reveals that in 51 urban areas, 60 percent of the workers don't earn enough to maintain a decent standard of living for their families and that 30 percent do not even earn a poverty-level income. These census tracts include the worst inner-city ghettos, but they also encompass white working-class neighborhoods.

Yet even if OEO has not done much to reduce or eliminate poverty in the United States, it unquestionably has made life a little easier for thousands of people, and given them some sense that all is not lost. The neighborhood legal service, for example, established the important principle that people who receive government benefits (welfare, food stamps, housing, etc.) have a right to due process. The legal action program forced landlords to rent apartments and houses that are decent, fit places for human habitation. The lawyers beat down the so-called "man-in-the-house rule," previously used to break up welfare families. They forced California's Ronald Reagan to restore Medicaid and welfare cuts. Counties in Texas were made to institute food stamp programs so poor people could eat. The legal program not only made the courts accessible to poor people but opened the way for the poor to bring cases on their own initiatives. In that sense it helped to enfranchise the underclass of the nation.

The success of the other programs is difficult to gauge. The revival of co-ops and the institution of buying clubs and credit unions provided the poor with some leverage against the food and banking industries. In a more general sense, the poverty program helped to develop para-professional jobs, and the community action program created employment, even careers of a sort, for local people interested in serving the neighborhoods. For the first time, minority communities were provided with funds and expertise to develop their own infrastructure of service systems.

But Congress never had much enthusiasm for OEO, and now Nixon has made it clear he will dismantle the agency by June of this year. Under this plan most of the OEO programs would be shifted to other agencies, and the community action program abandoned altogether. Scattered protests followed these announcements, and various employees, unions, community groups and poor people sued to block dissolution on grounds that the President could not unilaterally undo an act of Congress which had specifically authorized the continuance of OEO through 1975. But Nixon, anticipating that Congress in the end would go along, has moved to dismantle the poverty program anyway. All this might suggest the makings of a serious constitutional quarrel between Congress and the Executive, even the possibility of an uprising by OEO employees and beneficiaries against the White House.

But while outwardly opposed to Nixon's policies, the main OEO constituency of government employees, middle-class white lawyers, and community action workers seems reconciled, even pleased, in principle, at the idea of balkanizing the agency. They argue generally that it would be frustrating to continue in an agency the President does not want, and seeks to obstruct at every turn. They look forward to sheltering their programs over the next four years by burying them within the big departments. Bureaucratic squabbles within those departments may seem a welcome relief after the constant sniping from ideological cranks in the White House and Congress.

But shifting the programs leaves two unresolved problems. The first concerns community action, which Nixon intends to abolish. These programs—with their centers in the ghettos—were thought to be field command posts during the War on Poverty. The technicians and experts who congregated in the neighborhood centers were supposed to help the poor pull themselves together and send them into the fight against the fiendish mayors and their oppressive welfare colonial apparatus. Although this sort of revolutionary rhetoric was made popular by Sargent Shriver and still exists, nobody in power ever really believed it. First in Chicago and then in large cities around the country, community action programs were brought under the mayors' control, and became a bureaucratic function of city hall. They were continued merely as an escape valve against summer riots. Now the fiction abruptly ends and the community action directors are hard at work forming alliances with the mayors of major cities to seek funding through a special revenue sharing bill.

The second problem concerns the neighborhood legal services, the only part of the poverty program with any real political clout. The lawyers have both liberal and conservative support, in part because they do good work, but mostly because these programs serve the professional interests of the bar. They provide a kind of alternate legal training for young lawyers who don't care for the tedium of corporate law, and who find a short stint at pro bono legal work useful for their careers. The hope has been that Nixon would agree to a continuance of legal services through creation of a national corporation, modeled after the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

Such an arrangement might remove the legal program from direct line of political attack, but it seems unlikely that it will actually come about. The

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White House is thought to be split along ideological lines, with Agnew and other conservatives arguing that legal services should be parceled out to the states through revenue sharing. That, of course, would ensure its death in many locales. (Prince George County, Maryland, for example, indicated that, if given an option in a revenue sharing situation, the county would kill the poverty and legal services programs and spend the money elsewhere.)

At this writing, in early March, it seems most likely that Nixon will attempt to use the popular legal service program as leverage for a special revenue sharing bill. If it comes to a test on a legal services corporation, the betting is that there won't be sufficient votes in Congress to override Nixon's veto, and backers of the program will have to settle for revenue-sharing.

Meanwhile, the Phillips' purge continues unabated, with liberal Republicans taking most of the casualties. (Many of the victims were originally hired by Nixon's first poverty OEO director, Donald Rumsfeld.) H. Rodger Betts, deputy director of the office of operations, was reportedly given 30 minutes to clear out of the building. William Plissner, the controller, was sent off to the Federal Aviation Agency. Robert Bryan, a civil servant for 15 years, was informed his job was abolished but he was invited to join a special task force, on the understanding that the Administration would "take care of those who go to the task force." That later turned out to be a trick when Bryan received a memo announcing the task force would cease operation in June. He was not even permitted to take office records with him, and had to pick them up later after Phillips' goon squad had rifled them.

Another OEO employee, Norman Warner, arrived at a staff meeting one morning to hear his boss announce that they both had been transferred to the task force. Warner was given half an hour to get his things together and move. John Price, a program assistant in the legal service program and president of the OEO local union, describes this encounter with Phillips aide Michael Grogan in an affidavit: "During the first weeks of February 1973, Mike Grogan, special assistant to the director of Legal Services approached me for an interview. Grogan asked me if Congress created a legal services corporation and if I were reassigned to that corporation permanently, whether I would attempt to organize a labor union. Mr. Grogan advised me that if I stayed clear of organizing a union that I would be promoted more quickly and that I would get more recognition from the administrators of the corporation."

Tactics like these have prompted OEO staff members to leak a steady stream of secret memos to the press. Phillips, in turn, has countered with crackdowns. Phillip Kete, an OEO employee, describes in an affidavit a staff meeting he attended with Willie Williams, director of the program operations division: "Mr. Williams stated to us that any OEO employee giving information to Congress will be disciplined." And Dr. E. Leon Cooper, director of the OEO office of health affairs, warned his staff: "Please be advised that you are not to participate in unauthorized discussions regarding the transfer of programs, staff, or the agency."

In addition, Phillips clamped a ban on all staff travel, and even travel within a locality must be approved by his subordinates. Moreover, he ordered OEO employees to obtain permission from the executive secretariat, his staff, before sending out mail. One person requested blanket permission to continue mailing out an innocuous booklet on consumer affairs, and Phillips refused. There are now 500,000 copies of this booklet sitting in government warehouses and the OEO gets 50 requests for it every week. In a fury, the employee ignored the mail ban. He stuffed the envelopes and carried them to the post office himself. As for the steady stream of letters from poor people asking for help (how can I join a credit union, my roof is caving in, and the like), this employee answers the letters on personal stationery and sends them out at personal expense.

By mid-March Phillips had recruited 112 members for his wrecking crew, more than half of them political appointees, carried on the OEO payroll as "consultants" or "experts." And when he told Congress about measures he has taken to reduce the OEO outlays (such as dismantling the legal services advisory boards), he neglected to add that the salaries for his wrecking gang would total at least three quarters of a million dollars over a five month period.

Some of the crew are former Phillips associates from his days with the Young Americans for Freedom. They include David Jones, his principal assistant, who is on leave from Senator James Buckley of New York; McKay, former director of the American Conservative Union; Alvin Arnett, former campaign aide to Agnew; Daniel F. Joy, a previous editor of *New Guard*, the YAF magazine; J. Laurence McCarty, former chairman of the Massachusetts Conservative Union; and Randall C. Teague, former executive director of YAF.

All of this has generated real fury among OEO workers, who retaliate by counter spying on "Howie," openly ignoring his orders, trying to trick his goons, and routinely leaking any and every memo to the press. More important, Phillips' tactics have helped to buoy the spirits of the OEO employee unions. Although affiliated with the American Federation of Government Employees, a large conservative union of government workers, the OEO locals have taken strong stands against the Vietnam war, sought to oust various Nixon poverty officials, and tried to build a union among beneficiaries of the poverty programs. They are the closest thing in the federal government to a radical union of public workers. Now they have begun vigorously to push law suits against Phillips and Nixon. Arnold Miller of the United Mine Workers has indicated his support, as have various locals of the United Auto Workers. No doubt, the decision to dismantle the OEO was affected in some small way by a desire to eliminate this anti-Administration voice from the civil service.

Still, it is unlikely that this opposition will succeed in preventing the dismemberment of the poverty program. Howard Phillips has given it a fighting chance, but in the end the balance of forces in Congress will probably prove decisive. And though OEO does have support there, it does not appear to be strong enough to keep the President from doing as he wishes. ■

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OFFICE OF ECONOMIC
OPPORTUNITY

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506

February 26, 1973

MEMORANDUM TO THE WORLD.

FROM: HOWARD PHILLIPS

On January 31 we set in motion interim grant refunding procedures which provide that during the interim period any grant which comes due for refunding will receive an extension of funding for an additional 30 days, at its present funding level, regardless of any future decisions which may be made concerning the grant.

Because of processing delays which are built into OEO's bureaucratic structure, the actual processing of documents and transmittals of funds may not, in many cases, be completed for some time. But, it must be stressed that during this interim period, no action has been authorized to discontinue any OEO grantee in advance of a fair and thorough review on the merits. Unless in receipt of definitive word to the contrary, all grantees whose grants come due during this interim period, should assume that they are being extended at their present level of funding for an additional 30 days.

Howard Phillips
Acting Director

OFFICE OF ECONOMIC
OPPORTUNITY

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506

February 28, 1973

MEMORANDUM FOR ALL OEO EMPLOYEES

This notice is effective until superceded or rescinded.

Reference is made to my memorandum of February 26, 1973 on funding procedures, which was addressed "To The World." Due to an error in the typing, the wrong phrase was used. This has caused some confusion.

Please amend your copy to read "To The People of the United States."

Howard Phillips
Acting Director

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Locked Out: OUR LAST DAYS AT THE OEO

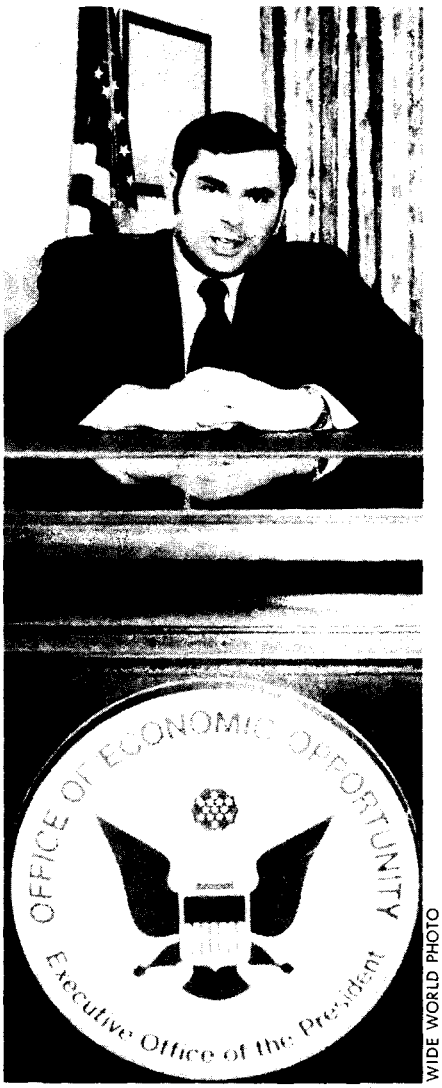
by Tom Mack and Tim Hoffmann

We knew they were going to give us the boot. Two non-political lawyers running a successful regional office just wouldn't do. We didn't fit in. Under Nixon, the top jobs at the Office of Economic Opportunity have become the dumping ground for political hangers-on who lack the clout for a fat job elsewhere in the bureaucracy. OEO is so top-heavy with political pay-off jobs that one out of every 38 employees is a politically sponsored "Super-Grade," making $32,000 or more a year. The normal ration in federal agencies is one Super-Grade for every 150 employees.

However the machinery of political patronage is not perfect, and by a set of odd circumstances we had managed without political backing to be promoted to our positions as regional director and deputy of OEO's Office of Legal Services in San Francisco, the largest of the ten regional legal services operations. We controlled $11 million worth of neighborhood programs. In addition to assisting thousands of individual clients each year, these programs made class actions and test case litigation available to the poor, enabling them to wring millions of dollars out of lawless government agencies and to win unparalleled housing, voting, education, and job rights. Even opponents of OEO had to admit that legal services worked. In fact it worked too well.

While a solid majority of Congress supported this legal services effort, the program won the undying enmity of the Reagan and Agnew types. And

Tom Mack and Tim Hoffman were until recently director and deputy director of the Office of Legal Services, San Francisco region (including California, Arizona, Nevada, Hawaii and Micronesia). In addition, Hoffman served as president of Local 3009 of the American Federation of Government Employees, the San Francisco OEO union.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

OEO Director Howard Phillips

these politicians were now putting their boys into OEO's top management, led by the former Young American for Freedom, Howard Phillips, the new and final director of OEO.

Being clever young men, we recognized that, as bureaucrats, we'd had it.

The Phillips team was anxious to get at the legal services program, but the administration was not officially opposed to legal services. Unlike many of OEO's programs, the Office of Legal Services will live on after the reorganization. It is slated to receive as much money as it ever had, to be administered through a public corporation after OEO goes out of existence. Phillips was merely to act as a caretaker for legal services until Congress sets up the new corporation. But asking the ultraconservative Phillips to act as caretaker for legal services was like asking a compulsive child-molester to baby-sit for your pretty little daughter. Phillips wanted to gut the legal services effort before any corporation takes over.

In addition, the new director faced a serious problem in that the program is administered through ten regional legal services offices, staffed, by and large, with competent attorneys dedicated to quality representation for the poor. He couldn't fire everyone in the regions because his assistants hadn't yet mastered the mechanics of operating a bureaucracy.

So a stalemate developed for a short time after Phillips took over OEO. He allowed Ted Tetzlaff, the acting director of the headquarters office of legal services, to stay on, even though Tetzlaff was committed to protecting the programs. But he withdrew all Tetzlaff's authority and all that of the regional offices. We were not allowed to make grants, do field work, sign papers, or even send a letter home to mama. Phillips also forced a contingent of Young Americans for Freedom upon Tetzlaff's deputy. Tetzlaff put up a good fight, defending the programs, and refusing to fire anyone in the regional offices. But he had no authority and his days were numbered. Meanwhile Phillips set his sights on the other OEO programs and his staff put together a number of secret memos with plans for gutting the agency. But every time they put their thoughts down on paper, the OEO employee's union—The American Federation of Government Employees—would somehow publish copies of these plans the next day, ballyhooing to Congress and the press Phillips' every move. These plans contradicted the different and more reassuring story Phillips and his lieutenants were feeding to Congress, the press, and the 2000 OEO workers.

Phillips was in a quandary. He couldn't fire the union's national OEO president: that had been tried last year and a federal court had ordered him reinstated with full back pay. So he had to look elsewhere. His gaze fell again on the children of light sitting in that San Francisco Regional Legal Services Office. Not only were we protecting aggressive legal programs; we were heavily involved in OEO union activity.

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There was one obstacle: according to the OEO-AFGE union contract, all the union activities carried on by the San Francisco office were officially regarded as proper and desirous. The contract even provided that two of us (Tim Hoffman and Mildred Bonner, an analyst) could spend up to 20 working hours a week on union matters. And although Ted Mack was counseling the union, and representing employees on his own time, he was scrupulously avoiding any involvement during OEO working hours. All of this proved awkward for Phillips since it is patently illegal to fire employees just because they are involved in union activities.

Still, he had to do something, because the AFGE local was getting seriously out of line. For example, there was the stink created about a boondoggle trip which Tom Mercer, regional OEO director, decided to take to the South Seas. All he wanted to do was fly to Samoa for a couple of weeks with his secretary and a stewardess friend, and have the government pick up the tab. Of course there wasn't much going on in Samoa to justify his visit there as official business. And it seemed a little weird that he was taking a secretary and a Pan Am stewardess along first class at government expense. But, what the heck, OEO was coming to an end. He and his secretary had been working pretty hard and might not get another chance for such an excursion. And his stewardess friend had volunteered to do some poverty work. If the whole thing could be kept quiet, it would work out fine: after all, "Pan Am makes the going great."

So Mercer hushed it up, had the necessary travel papers prepared secretly only hours before he left and took off with his two companions. Naturally, like every other document ever typed at OEO, copies of the travel orders were distributed around the office the next day. The Samoa junket outraged Mercer's employees. A group of them put together and distributed an anonymous memo documenting the whole affair. When Hoffman, the union president, received a copy of the memo, he redistributed it to the union and the press and demanded that Mercer repay the government. The newspapers had some fun with it, and Mercer's official business in Samoa was suddenly cut short by pressing matters with his superiors in Washington.

Meanwhile, the AFGE local kept turning up evidence that Mercer and Phillips were being less than frank about their plans for OEO. For example, Mercer promised his employees he knew of no plans for releasing them before next summer. The union published management documents detailing the number of OEO employees to be cut before June.

Mercer meanwhile had his hands tied. He couldn't retaliate against the local because its leaders worked for Mack, the regional legal services director; and he had no authority over Mack, who was giving full support and free legal advice to the union. On Thursday, February 8, Mercer flew to Washington to demand that we be fired. He stormed into the office of Ted Tatzlaff, the Director of OEO Legal Services, ranting about being personally embarassed by the union. Tatzlaff refused to fire us. Mercer threw his pencil at Tetzlaff. Tatzlaff threw his ballpoint at Mercer and kicked him out of his office. Mercer went straight to Phillips.

It had been a bad week for Tetzlaff. He'd been stripped of his authority, stuck with an ex-FBI agent who wanted to monitor all phone calls, and had to sit there and watch the Phillips team make plans for closing down the legal services program.

On Monday evening, February 12, Tetzlaff called to tell us he'd just been fired. We were astute enough to realize that this left us rather exposed. Therefore we took the only direct action proper at that point. We began to pack.

We spent Tuesday signing a scad of documents which, we hoped, would protect the legal services programs in our region. In the afternoon, Mack attended a meeting of the senior staff called by Mercer. There he raised "Mercer's Washington attempt to have Mack and Hoffman fired" as an agenda topic for discussion. Mercer squirmed, piously denying he had ever tried to get us fired. But he crumbled under cross-examination, contradicted himself a few times, made a number of damaging admissions, and finally became so nonplussed that his only response to Mack was to give him "the finger." At that point Mack departed, having gathered some evidence for possible litigation and feeling the tone of the meeting had slipped.

We came to work Wednesday believing it would be our last day among the bureaucrats, and knowing that the Nixon Administration does its axe work in the late afternoon, after the press deadlines have passed. At 3:30 P.M. we got the call from Mercer's office. Some "personnel documents" from Washington had arrived by telegram. We went to his office and picked up our walking papers. He stood there like a totem while we checked over the papers. Since there was no valid reason for firing us, the papers simply stated that we were "terminated without cause." "You are hereby instructed to remove all personal property from the premises by 5:00 P.M."

To our utter amazement, the documents mistakenly included severance pay—which is never given to employees fired by OEO. The telegram from Washington hadn't stipulated it. Some clerk, whether by inadvertence or out of sympathy, had typed it on our final, official papers, making us each $1500 richer. We maintained our stoney expressions in front of Mercer and didn't rejoice until we got to the elevator.

When we reached our own offices, one of Mercer's "division chiefs" was there to "watch us until we left." Three embarassed OEO employees arrived to change the locks, but they discovered there were no locks to change since there were no doors. After checking with Mercer, one of them left to scare up a couple of doors.

At that point, we left our quondam offices and settled into our favorite booth at Harrington's Saloon. The House bought us a couple and we discussed what we would do with all that back pay when the federal district court ordered our reinstatement. ■

On March 12, after this article was written, Howard Phillips announced that he would close down all ten OEO regional offices as of April 29. The order does not directly affect the regional legal services offices, although some speculated that they would be the next to go.

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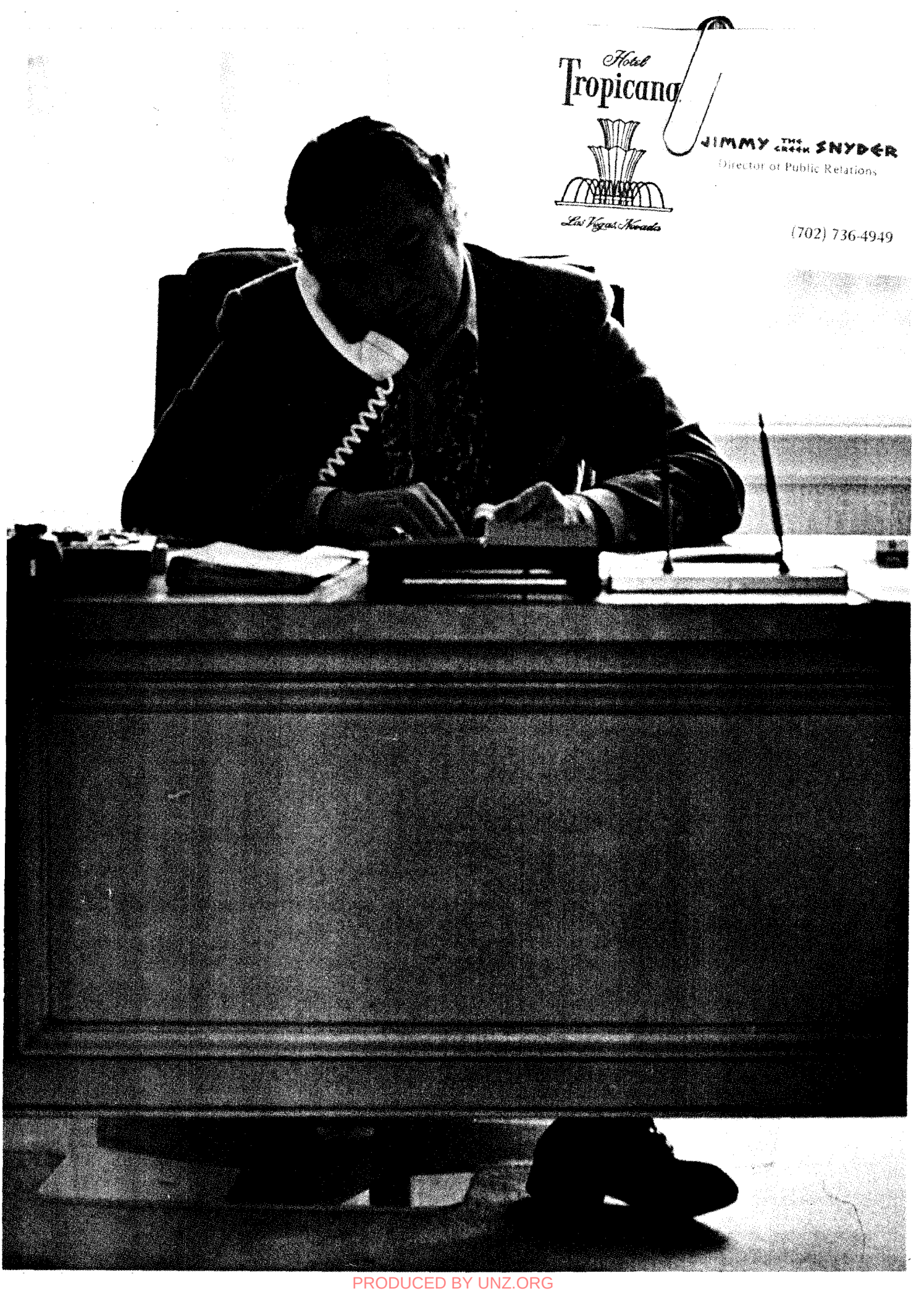

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Jimmy "The Greek"

Beware of Greeks Making Odds

Scene four, take one, Jimmy the Greek.

(As the scene opens, two men are sitting on a powder-blue velveteen couch. We see them from the waist up. Howard Cosell, an ABC-TV sportscaster, is dressed in a gold blazer, his right side turned slightly away from the camera. Cosell is facing his interview subject, Jimmy the Greek Snyder. Jimmy is sitting back, resting in the corner of the sofa, his right arm leaning on the sofa arm, his left draped on the back of the couch. Mainly, we should get the feeling that here are two friends who are going to chat briefly. Yet there should also be a confident, relaxed atmosphere of freshness and candor. Howard's voice, deep and calm, as if reciting, says:)

"On the second floor of the plush Tropicana Golf Club is where it all begins, the vast and often mysterious process of sports betting in America. Hardly a wager is laid in this country until Jimmy the Greek speaks, establishing what is called the Las Vegas line. These are the offices where the professor and his staff of 46 clerks and researchers, 19 of them full-time, gather the data that helps Jimmy the Greek create the line. The mailman delivers 36 newspapers a day here. The monthly phone bill averages $2,000—"

(A klieg light blows out.)

"What happened?"

"We lost a light. Starting on two. Set?"

(Howard leans back, a trace of displeasure creasing his tanned face. Jimmy wipes off some perspiration from his forehead.)

"Set. . . . He is not now and never has been a professional gambler in the sense that he earned his living from it. He is, rather, a legitimate businessman, assuming that you consider public relations to be a legitimate business. His clients are few, but select. And until recent years included a modest investor in Nevada real estate named Howard Hughes. And this is the tasteful private office where the great brain operates, the man whom they call the wizard of odds, sitting here with me, Jimmy the Greek Snyder."

Jimmy the Greek started out by picking horses. At age 14, he forged his father's signature to his school savings certificate and plunked it all on a horse named Cavalcade in the Kentucky Derby. Cavalcade won, paying $5, $4, and $3.20. Jimmy had picked the favorite; he's been picking favorites ever since.

At 53, he has become an American institution, oddsmaker for a nation, relied on by millions to call the shots as he sees them. As an oddsmaker, he sometimes fancies himself a kingmaker, picking horses of a different color. To some friends, he likes to say that he was responsible for putting Nixon over the top in 1968. This he accomplished by reporting in his column a few days before the election that Nixon was an 8-to-5 choice over Hubert Humphrey. Herb Klein, the President's communications adviser, once told him gratefully that that particular assessment won the undecided voters over to Nixon's column. "You see," says Jimmy, "70 percent of the undecided vote will automatically want to go with the favorite."

Jimmy is also the man who picked the other Greek, Spiro Agnew, as Nixon's running mate ten days before the 1968 Republican Convention. In a country which likes winners, Jimmy could have a major impact on any electoral race. Make George McGovern a 30-to-1 shot for the Democratic nomination before the senator's primary victories in New Hampshire and Wisconsin and McGovern is going to have trouble raising money, or getting the press to take his candidacy seriously. Hubert Humphrey's money dried up when the pollsters had him behind in the critical California primary by 20 percent. Jimmy had Hubert behind by five. "I consider myself an independent," says Jimmy. "Al-

by Min S. Yee

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though I'm a registered Democrat, I'll pick my horse and support him. From the presidential side I would not let anybody know who I liked because we still have to make the odds on it and calculate it. They would say I was prejudiced or something."

Jimmy, who admires Nixon most in the world and Agnew second, is proud of the framed letter on his office wall, a kind note from Ted Agnew telling the Las Vegas Greek that the Vice President was most appreciative of the organizing that Jimmy did on behalf of the Republican ticket. The letter hangs just beneath a cartoon by Jim Berry which shows John Mitchell leaning over Nixon's shoulder. "I don't care what Gallup or Harris says," reads the caption, "tell me what Jimmy the Greek says." The original cartoon is inscribed by both Berry and the President. The Greek says he "might want to leave Las Vegas sometime and maybe live outside Washington because I love politics so much. I'd love to be connected in the political world more so than I am. I'd love to do more on politics, study it more, read it more, be more involved in it, but not to run for office."

Demetrios Georgios Synodinos, a/k/a Jimmy the Greek Snyder, has come a long way from Steubenville, the steel-producing and coal-mining town in eastern Ohio where he grew up. He recalls being the "best nine-year-old violin player in Steubenville," and he tells about salvaging bicycles and then renting them out to neighborhood kids. He remembers growing up with Dean Martin–whose name at that time was Dino Crosetti–but the two never really knew each other well.

His family had high hopes for Demetrios. They wanted him to become a priest in the Greek Orthodox Church, like his grandfather and uncle in generations before him. But the county seat was a wide open town and, while a young teenager, Jimmy got his first job dealing blackjack in one of Steubenville's 11 gaming houses. "I never wanted to be a gambler," he says, "but nothing else I ever did in my earlier years was really successful." He adds that it wasn't until he was 25 that he found out gambling was illegal.

Mostly, Jimmy bet on football games. In the early and mid-40s, International News Service would pick up some of his odds on various games, and as football increased in popularity, so did Jimmy. Men who could well afford to bet seemed to seek Jimmy out. By the time he turned 30, the Greek was running his own private "news" service, had his own scouts attending football games from coast to coast while he concentrated his own attention on the Southeast Conference. The Greek even had his own private football film library, one which according to many knowledgeables was "the best in the country." And in H. L. Hunt, the rich Texas oil magnate, Jimmy found a betting adversary well worth his mettle in odding, money and style.

Jimmy stopped betting for a while in 1951. That was the year he picked Kentucky over Santa Clara in the Orange Bowl. "It's the men against the boys," he had chortled then, and very possibly wept when he lost his wager, $275,000. He went into the stock market for a while, then decided to go into the oil drilling business. After 22 dry holes, he moved to Las Vegas in 1957.

Betting on sports is legal in Las Vegas. And while it has been estimated that 95 percent of all wagering on sports is done sub rosa or man to man, there were licensed premises known as sports books where bets were placed quite openly, across the counter as it were. A little over a decade ago, Jimmy was the oddsmaker and manager of a betting parlor known as the Hollywood Sports Service. Men who frequented it recalled that it was shabbier than the average funeral home but a definite cut above your run-of-the-town pool halls.

At the Hollywood Sports Service, Snyder's forte was making odds on major sports like football, baseball, hockey, boxing and a few selected golf tournaments. And there is almost no way that such an oddsmaker could lose. For example, football is generally handicapped by points, not odds. If you choose to bet on the Washington Redskins over the Miami Dolphins, the Redskins must win by more than the point spread–say in this instance, two points–for you to collect. If Washington wins by exactly two points, the game is a standoff and the bettor gets his money back. Oddsmakers got around this in recent years by the introduction of the half point. In any case, the oddsmaker makes a profit because the bettor must wager $11 for every $10 he expects to win. That dollar is called the "vigorish" and is the oddsmaker's operating margin.

That's why Jimmy can say, "If we make a team by seven that's what we want most of all, to hit the number on the nose." What the exacting oddsmaker shoots for is the "equalizer," precisely 50 percent, with half the games going over the spread and the other half going under. In 1971 (he hasn't analyzed 1972 yet) the Greek says 50.1 percent went over the number and 49.9 percent went under. "That," says Jimmy, "was probably one of our most perfect years to me, to us in the office who know what we're doing."

(The camera pulls back to a wide shot. Jimmy has clasped both his hands around his left knee. He knows what Howard's next question will be.)

"You used to bet individually against one of the world's richest men, H. L. Hunt of Texas."

"How'd you know about that?" Jimmy asks in mock surprise.

"Heh heh heh," says Howard. "Tell us about that."

"Oh, it was back in the late 1940s. Actually, it was a match of wits. H. L. had his own research department."

(Continued on page 56)

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THE SELLING OF THE LORD 1973

Billy Frank Graham was lucky to rise above Consciousness I. Fresh off a North Carolina farm, he made his way through ultra-fundamentalist Bob Jones College, where evolution is still a dirty word. His greening, such as it was, came later, at less conservative Wheaton College near Chicago, and in the company of Presidents. But he never made it to Consciousness III. Like Billy Sunday, the early 20th century evangelist, Billy Graham believes soul-saving is society-saving. The main difference is that Graham wants to use modern marketing methods to do the job.

In a recent issue of Graham's *Decision* magazine, the kingdom of God is compared to a

> *vast modern complex whose purpose and function is to produce the Gospel of love. God our heavenly father is the Owner and President; the Lord Jesus Christ is General Manager; and the Holy Spirit is in charge of sales. . . . The Kingdom of God cannot operate the way it should unless you men and women bring in some orders and some customers. . . . We have the finest product on the market. Nothing can touch it. . . .*

If God is the President, and Christ the General Manager, then Billy Graham and his friends are PR men, and this year they have come up with a new marketing gimmick. It is called Key 73, and its goal is to confront 100 million people "with the claims of Christ," to make 1973 "a year of optimum impact for Christ in North America." Key 73 enthusiasts refer to it as a "Christian blitz" and "evangelistic saturation."

It is part of a plan to replace rebellion with religion, social unrest with the Peace that Passeth All Understanding. The 1960's, said Graham in a recent TV speech, was "an age of revolt and rebellion on the part of young people." The 1970's, on the other hand, he saw as "a period of depression. We seem depressed about ourselves. There is a philosophical and religious vacuum. Into this vacuum could come any ideal or any thing." Key 73 and the Jesus-is-the-answer folks are trying mightily to fill the void, and in the course of their campaign they have stood the movement of the 1960's on its head. Even the slogans parody the old: "Hell? No, I won't go;" and "End the war; Vote for Jesus."

It is one movement which the Nixon Administration views with considerable benevolence, and the President himself might properly credit himself with a share of its success to date. For while the Warren Court took religion out of the public schools, Richard Nixon has established it in the White House, in the form of unprecedented Sunday worship services there. He also bestowed his blessings on Explo 72, last summer's mass pray-in at Dallas. In the recent pre-inaugural festivities, Pat Boone and family won warm applause when they sang "a personal pledge of allegiance to Jesus." And after the swearing-in, Billy Graham told White House worshippers that all school kids should have to recite the ten commandments daily. Chief Justice Warren Berger, responding to a reporter's question, conceded this would cause some constitutional problems "at this time." But, you never know.

What, in God's name, is going on here? Merely the establishment of an official state religion—a single theology that is self-righteous and pious, uncompassionate and unbending. A theology that calls the end of a war marked by My Lai and saturation bombing "peace with honor," but papers over the nation's cracks, ratholes and sores with, as one critic put it, "a pious affirmation of faith."

It is the Protestant ethic, but it is neither protesting nor ethical. It holds that the poor get what they deserve—and that only the "deserving poor" should get. It is a neo-Social Darwinism that sanctifies and excuses the corporate giants. It is absolutely moralistic, but not particularly moral. It commends law and order and the work ethic to the poor but fails to apply the same standards to white collar crooks, corporate welfare cheaters or Watergate wiretappers. This established religion is, for reasons of self-interest, the religion of the establishment. The flag and the cross have become so superimposed in the national psyche that most Americans no longer notice the double exposure. So it's onward Christian soldiers as America marches off to its destiny. At the head of the column are two standard bearers on horseback—Richard Nixon carrying the flag, and Billy Graham bearing the cross.

Graham and his evangelist friends are not, for the most part, your Bible Belt tent revival types, although many

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PAINTING BY VICTOR COHN-STUART

by Eugene L. Meyer

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spring from that tradition. Nor are they the blatant God-and-country promoters, the Carl McIntires and Billy James Hargises, although many feel that way. They are superficially mod, if fundamentally un-modern. They are image-conscious and media-wise. These are the clerical counterparts of the people who sold Nixon for President in 1968. Their job: The Selling of the Lord, 1973.

[THE GREAT COMMISSION]

It all began with a June 1967 editorial in *Christianity Today,* a magazine established in the 1950's as a conservative answer to liberal church journals. Founders included Carl F. H. Henry, who wrote the editorial, and Billy Graham, who remains today on the Board of Directors. (To complete the trinity, the current executive editor, L. Nelson Bell, is Graham's father-in-law.) In his editorial, Henry called for all evangelicals to "somehow get together" for a united soul-winning effort.

Soon after the editorial appeared, the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association underwrote a special meeting at the Marriott Key Bridge Motor Hotel in Rosslyn, Va., across the Potomac from Washington. (The choice of the motel was symbolic. The organizers revere Key as a fervent 19th century evangelist, as well as the author of "The Star Spangled Banner.") To those 42 clergymen who convened at the Key Bridge Motel, it was the best of times and the worst of times. On the one hand, all hell was breaking loose, in the personification of hippies, yippies and other malcontents who couldn't abide war and racism. It was the best of times for two reasons. For one, according to Biblical prophecies, the worst of times is a prelude to the Second Coming. Then again, a united evangelical crusade seemed the next logical step after the 1966 World Conference on Evangelism in Berlin, sponsored by Billy Graham.

Hence Key Bridge One (there were a few more such "consultations" at the Marriott motel) adopted a proposal to undertake the Great Commission on a massive scale in 1973. And so Key 73 was born.

Initially, the target audience consisted of both separatist church leaders and mainline clergymen. Timing was, you might say, providential. The liberal churches, despite their efforts to be "relevant," were losing members and money, especially from their conservative wings. Superstitious and charismatic movements, the Jesus freaks and Pentacostals, were beginning to gather steam.

To the disheartened and discouraged liberal clergy, the Key 73 salesmen offered a form of institutional salvation. To sweeten the pill, they even added an ambiguous objective about "the issues shaping man and his

society." The sales pitch worked, and six years and many meetings later, Key 73 has grown to include some 150 groups, from Brunk Revivals Corp. to the United Methodist Church. It has even been endorsed by the National Council of Churches (evangelism section) and the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops. It has, in short, become a kind of umbrella operation. As it happens, semantics are crucial to keeping the umbrella open. "Ecumenical, to some, is a dirty word," says the Rev. Theodore A. Raedeke, Key 73's executive director. "We say 'simultaneous evangelistic thrust.'" The literature stresses, "separately, simultaneously, cooperatively."

Raedeke is an experienced hand in this business. Before Key 73, he ran evangelism for the three million member Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, where they still debate the infallibility of the Bible. As executive director, he supervises the day to day operation of the campaign. He is responsible to the general assembly, in which each of the 150 groups has one vote, and the executive committee. Chairman of both these bodies is Thomas F. Zimmerman, the head of the Assemblies of God, a Pentecostal church. The vice-chairman of the executive group is Dr. Victor Nelson, vice-president of the Billy Graham Evangelical Association and a very important figure in the Graham operation. Bill Bright, spearhead of Explo 72, serves on the executive board of Key 73 and is chairman of Bible reading and soul-winning.

[KEY 73 IS COMING]

Key 73's main office is located on the 11th floor of the aging Commerce Building in downtown St. Louis. It is rented from the Missouri Synod and has carpets and furniture that look like they came straight off the shelves at Sears-Roebuck. As late as mid-December, half its rooms were unused. The staff is small, consisting of Raedeke, an administrative assistant, and two secretaries. Downstairs, on the fourth floor, there is the Key Seventy-Three Fund, actually a private firm, Ketchum, Inc., hired to raise for Key 73 the $2-5 million needed for promotion. There is also a "mass media office" in suburban Madison, N.J., located above a drug store in the headquarters of the National Religious Broadcasters.

Raedeke might pass for Lawrence Welk, though he is somewhat taller and heavier and exhibits a weakness for mod jackets and red flared-bottom pants. His office is wood-paneled. Above the TV set hangs a framed picture of Christ, which might have been found in a religious souvenir shop. On a bookcase sits a color photograph of the Rev. Billy and Ruth Graham. And above the couch is a four-by-six foot tapestry of the professionally-designed Key 73 logo: red flame encompassing a white dove, not soaring but pointing downward.

The aim of envangelism, says Raedeke, is "to make disciples, which automatically results in church membership." It encompasses "proclamation and demonstration"—though not the political kind. "If you want society to change you have to change people. You don't evangelize structures. If you change people, you're building the foundation for changing structures. . . ."

(Continued on page 28)

PHOTOS BY ALLEN SAY

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The Conversion of the Jews

And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
–Andrew Marvell

THE "CHOSEN PEOPLE" HAVE BEEN chosen again, this time by Key 73.

"We feel our position is very simple," says Dr. T. A. Raedeke, Key 73 executive director. "We feel it's our commission to preach gospel to every creature. This is purely love. There is no attempt to force our faith on anyone. But this is the prerogative of our country, the privilege of propagating our faith. We don't want anyone to intimidate or prevent us from doing that."

Raedeke insists, however, that the fears of Jewish leaders are "not too well founded."

While no "Jews for Jesus" groups are formally affiliated with Key 73, literature from Peace for Israel, Inc., of Hollywood, Fla., is being distributed by the Key 73 central office. It puts forth the theory that the children of Israel can find "peace" only through accepting Jesus Christ as the Messiah and Son of God. The organization's "Training Manual for Sharing Messiah with Jewish People," contains some helpful hints for handling Hebrews. Some might call them deceptions.

"It is very important that we use the proper terminology when talking with the Jewish people," the pamphlet says: Say "messiah," don't say "Christ"; "bible believer" instead of "Christian"; "become a completed person" instead of a "convert"; "meeting of bible believers" instead of "church."

There may be some tough questions, of course, but no reason to let them stop you. Some examples:

"Why have Christians persecuted the Jewish people when Jesus teaches love?"

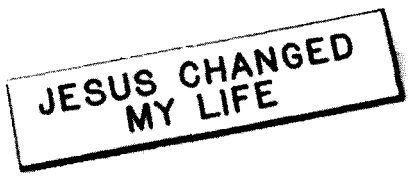
"A. Many people have done things in the name of Christianity, but really they were not 'True' Christians at all. B. Explain what a 'True' Christian is. . ."

"How can Jesus be the son of God?"

"This subject is very difficult for a Jewish person to understand. Many have been taught that Jesus was a good man but not God's son. Show him the following verses in the Jewish Bible . . ."

"How could God let six million Jewish people die, if He is concerned about us?"

"God has stated repeatedly in His Word that if a person or Nation will not turn from their evil ways and seek Him, then He would let them perish . . ."



"What happens to those people who have not heard about Jesus? What about my relatives who have died?"

Good question, Moishe. "It is important that you do not tell them that their Loved ones have gone to hell. This may be true, but telling them where their loved ones have gone is not our responsibility."

Before you evangelists go looking for doors with mezuzzahs to knock on, some final words of advice:

"Because many Jewish people consider pictures of Jesus as idolatry, it is best to refrain from showing pictures to them. Avoid using the terms mission and missionary as those words are offensive to many. . . . Also, it is better to say Jewish person or Jewish people rather than Jew or Jews. Kneeling to pray is considered by some Jewish people an abomination and a Gentile custom. Thus while praying with a Jewish person, it is suggested not to kneel."

"While not anti-Semitic in intent or purpose," said Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath in a report on Key 73 and similar efforts, they "nevertheless [do] seem to posit the superiority of Christianity and the centrality of Jesus in efforts to convert as many Jews [as possible] . . . to the Christian faith."

Even *Christian Century,* a leading liberal Protestant weekly, carried an article last May contending that anti-Semitism "is coming into the open again, thanks to the new religious dogmatism of the Jesus revolution."

Wrote Rabbi Solom S. Bernard, director of the Anti-Defamation League's Interreligious Cooperation Department, in the *ADL Bulletin* last November:

"The groups concerned with proselytizing 'especially to the Jews' will ride on the coattails of the Key 73 appeal to the general community. . . . The methods of the evangelists, and the 'Hebrew Christians,' may be gentle, polite and reasoning on the surface, but are essentially defamatory and disparaging, with frequent recourse to deception. . . ."

On Honor America Day in 1970, Dr. Billy Graham and Dr. Marc H. Tannenbaum, of the American Jewish Committee, stood side by side. Last October, however, Rabbi Tannenbaum attended a Key 73 conclave in St. Louis as an observer and came away a dissenter. His reaction:

"What emerges from a careful reading of the Key 73 literature and listening to the speeches of its principal sponsors is that this 'evangelical revival' effort is based on a conception of America as 'an evangelican empire.' That conception, which governed the first half of the national history of America, perceived America as 'a Christian nation,' one in which Jews and other non-Christians were tolerated as less than full partners in the democratic enterprise. The notion of America and evangelical Christianity being one and the same is a regression from the liberal democratic view which is grounded on the pluralistic idea that Jews, Catholics and others are full partners in American society."

So help me, Jesus.–**Eugene L. Meyer**

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Key 73 has two budgets. One, for operating expenses, is only $150,000, but last year the finance committee could raise only half of it from the participating groups. "We had to cut back on promotion, publicity," Raedeke said. The second budget of $2-5 million is for media promotion, and must be raised entirely from private sources. Since Key 73 is a non-profit tax-exempt corporation, donations are tax deductible. Jim Shaffer ("spelled the way God intended it") is associate director of the Key 73 Fund. "It's not that we don't want the $5 and $10 contributions, but we're aiming our appeal at those giving between $10,000 and $100,000," he said. "The top gift will run around $200,000."

Shaffer said fund-raising efforts would be concentrated in 20 large cities. In Houston alone, he boasted, "we have 20 prospects who could write the $2 million goal among themselves." The fund-raising campaign was timed to begin in February 1973, instead of earlier, "so [donors] can bridge two income years." The chairman of the fund-raising committee is William Walton, president of Holiday Inns, International, and Explo's Dr. Bill Bright will be "very much involved" in soliciting money, Shaffer said.

According to its brochures, Key 73's primary purpose is "to share with every person in North America more fully and more forcefully the claims and messages of the Gospel of Jesus Christ . . . to employ every means and method of communicating the Gospel. . . ."

Key 73's first "high-visibility event" was to begin the day after Christmas. Throughout the U.S., at noon, bells were to ring, horns sound, and people pause to pray. This "noon prayer call" was to take place every day from December 26 through the first week of January. The noon prayer calls were coordinated by the Rev. Robert Yawberg, founder of the Prayer-A-Gram foundation.

The overall media plan was focussed around three TV specials, starting with a "Launch Special" on January 6. Ultimately, 667 stations—in every state except Wyoming—aired the program, and the Armed Forces Network plans to run it throughout the year. By and large, Key 73 pays nothing for this exposure since the stations show the programs as "public service" to fulfill FCC requirements. (The second show, starring Pat Boone, is described as "Christian entertainment." Entitled "Come Together," it was produced at Southern California's Melodyland Christian Center for showing after Easter.) To promote the "Launch Special," the Key 73 mass media office sent out packages containing a 45 rpm record of radio spots, sample newspaper ads, a poster "for local promotion," fact sheets, a study guide, a catalog of materials for sale, and a comic book for kids, in which little Tommy tells playmate Ann: "Key 73 is coming. An' it's outasight."

Those who tuned into Key 73 on January 6 saw a semi-soft-sell half-hour documentary entitled "Faith in Action," depicting recently activated Christians from different walks of life—a Seattle judge, an American Indian, a black government executive, rock and roll artists, and a Jew for Jesus. There was a lot of Now Music, shots of people on beaches, and kids. It all carried the implication that these good vibes come from belief in Christ. This particular show was selected after Key 73 leaders decided against inviting President Nixon to appear ("lest there be political implications," says Raedeke).

The real test of Key 73, according to critic Gabriel Fackre, "is the McLuhan thesis: the medium is the message." Johnson/Nyquist Productions of California produced the Launch Special, and their "concept treatment" for the show conveys a message of slick, Madison Ave. marketing techniques, geared to sell the Christian message as if it were, say, a new vaginal deodorant.

A 30-minute format was chosen over 60 minutes, the producers say, because of "better placement during prime time, less chance of losing part of your audience because of channel-switching at half-hour slots . . . enough time to make an effective statement. . . ."

The "intended audience" is men and women 18 to 45, with "particular impact" on the 25 to 35 age bracket. "Our primary TARGET AUDIENCE can be described," according to the producers,

as those people who are trying to live a meaningful life in the midst of what often seems to be an urban-technological crossword puzzle. . . . They are worried about drugs and crime, war and racial problems, high taxes and overcrowded schools, lack of security. They feel caught in a materialistic value system. They have lost a sense of the supernatural. Many of them have a personal anguish over old beliefs that have collapsed. They sense that there must be a God, and they want some answers from, or about Him, that can have meaning within their own frustrated lives."

The "target audience" is "dubious of most conscious attempts to manipulate them." It is *"indifferent* toward the church but *not hostile* . . . Our Target Audience is *REACHABLE* through television. . . ."

[DO IT YOURSELF]

Even before the airing of the Launch Special, Key 73 was geared up for a local organizing blitz. Piles of free "resource materials" were sent out to Key 73 participants. These include, for instance, the plan for "Operation Andrew," devised by the Missouri Synod (Michigan District). Each missionary carried a bunch of red cards bearing the Key 73 emblem, and having room for names of 10 souls won for Christ. There is also an "Assurance Survey" card with 40 questions, mainly statistical. "Should you find the family very receptive and anxious to visit," the card instructs, "you may flip this card and graciously continue the following expression of your faith." The first question then is: "Have you come to the place in your spiritual life where you know for certain that if you died today you would go to heaven?"

In addition to such free "resources," Key 73 also offers what might be called love for sale. These are general pamphlets, buttons and other paraphenalia for selling "the Lord's love." For cities under 50,000, there is a "small community planning packet" for $5.95, consisting of radio spots, glossies of the noon prayer and Key 73 logos, in one and two colors, six prayer call posters, table grace cards,

(Continued on page 54)

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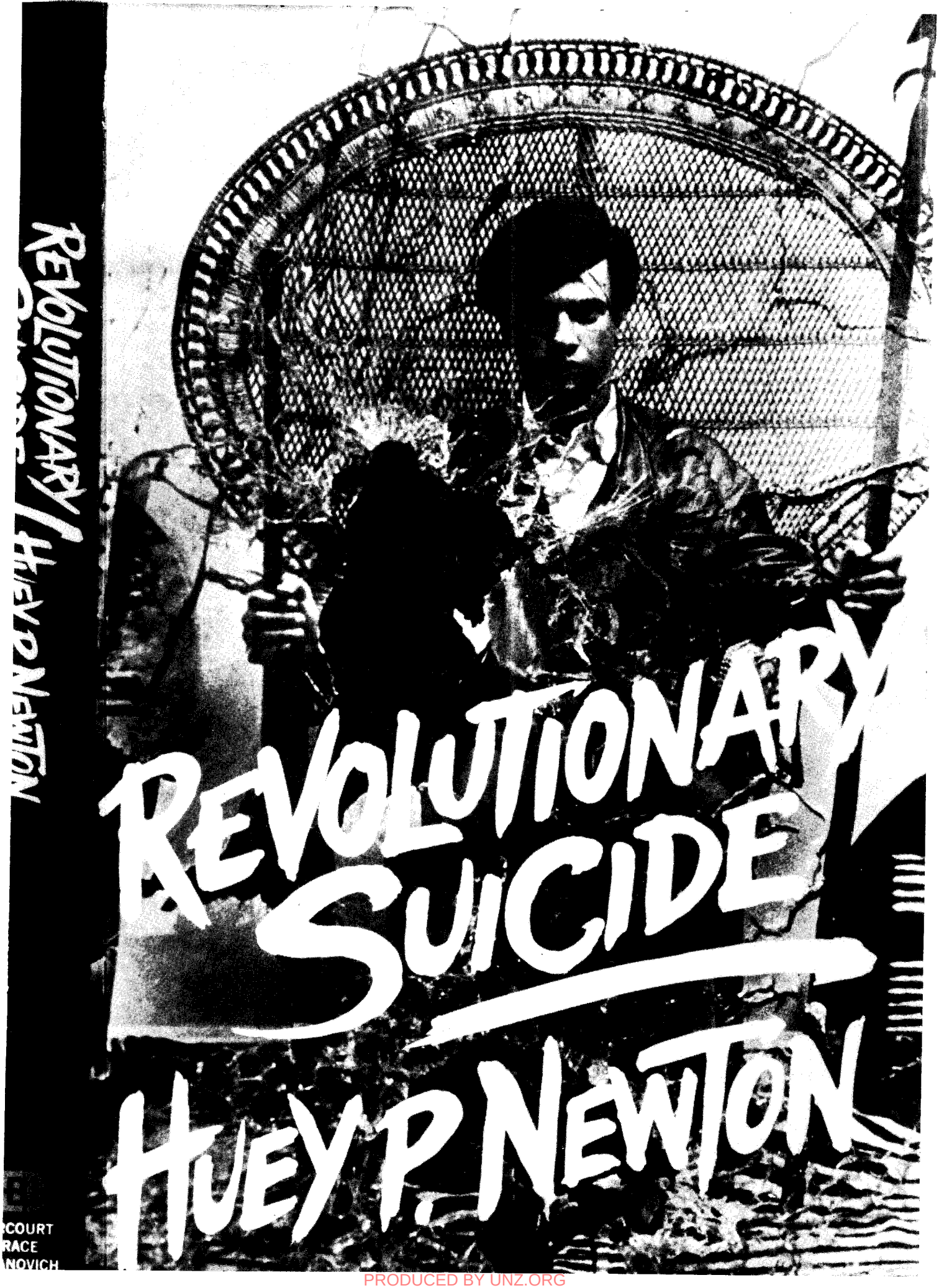

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MY DAYS IN SOLITARY

As the founder and present leader of the Black Panther Party, and as the central figure in a legal case which became a cause célèbre *in the 1960's, Huey Newton has occupied a major place in the political consciousness of our times. This month, Harcourt, Brace and Jovanovich is publishing his autobiography,* Revolutionary Suicide. *The excerpt which follows covers his stay in the California Men's Colony, San Luis Obispo, following his conviction for manslaughter in the shooting death of an Oakland policeman in 1967. Subsequently, an appeals court overturned the verdict, and after two new trials ended in hung juries, the state decided to drop the charges against him.*

After my conviction and sentencing I was sent once more to the Alameda County Jail until a hearing could be held to decide my fate—I would either be released on bail pending an appeal to the higher courts or sent away to serve the two-to-fifteen year sentence. The hearing was held early in October and bail was denied. Immediately after, I was ordered into the custody of the California Correctional Authority for confinement. At this point I became aware of a curious power I held over the prison authorities. They were worried about the role I might play as a political prisoner, and orders had come down for special treatment.

After a hearing, a prisoner is usually taken back to his cell, where he changes from civilian clothes to prison dress before a bus trip to the prison of his confinement. But when my bail hearing ended, I was hustled to the elevator in my civilian clothes and then downstairs to a car waiting in the basement. It was as if they had known all along that my bail request would be denied. In the basement I found all my property from the cell packed and ready to go. Then handcuffs went on, and a chain around my waist attached to the shackles around my ankles, and I was considered secure enough to make the trip. The sheriff's car, escorted by six others, sped through a tunnel to the exit. Only then did a deputy turn back toward me, speaking through the grille, to say where we were going—Vacaville Medical Facility, a detention center where prisoners spend 60 to 90 days being tested, classified, and assigned to various penitentiaries. The ride took about 45 minutes, and when we got to Vacaville, officials were waiting for us outside the building; the whole place was surrounded by guards holding shotguns.

At Vacaville I went through a ritual familiar to every inmate—the skin search. From that time forward, through my years in jail, I was never allowed to go from one building to another without this demeaning exercise. I took off all my clothes. Then they looked into my ears and nose, rubbed their hands through my hair, made me cough to prove there was nothing in my mouth; then I spread the cheeks of my buttocks while they searched my anus. After that, I was fingerprinted, given prison clothes, and assigned a number that I was to keep for the duration of my time in the penitentiary system. Giving a prisoner a number is another way of undermining his identity, one more step in the dehumanizing process. Of course, it has historical roots: the SS assigned numbers to prisoners in Nazi concentration camps during World War II.

All my civilian clothes except socks and underwear were sent home to my family. Socks and underwear are habitually thrown away in prisons. I was curious about this and asked them why, particularly since my shorts were new and had been worn only once; I pointed out to them that they were in better shape than the rest of my clothing. No one knew why; it was simply the rule, the tradition that a prisoner could send all clothing home except socks and underwear. "We just follow the rules." I did not mind their throwing the shorts away, but I did resent not being given an explanation. This is a small point, but it demonstrates the mentality that exists on every level of prison administration. The administrators and guards who run prisons are like George Orwell's brutes in *1984,* who are chosen as policemen on the basis of ignorance, physical strength, and their predisposition to follow orders without question, however stupid or brutal.

Next, I was assigned to an isolation cell, but before the lock-up I went to see the warden. This is another special privilege. I always have a chat with the warden right away. He lectured me against any attempt to organize; if that happened, he said, I would be placed in an isolation cell. It struck me as ironic that even as he spoke an isolation cell stood waiting to receive me. Tactics like this add to the nightmarish unreality of prison. Then the warden began dangling the carrot: if I cooperated, I could be like any other prisoner, not locked up all the time. They were going to treat me tight at first, he said, to educate and orient the other prisoners to my presence, but if all went well, they would let me out into the general prison population—the "main line" it's called. I sat silent, listening; I would never taste that carrot.

Prison systems are fond of tests, all kinds, psychological, I.Q., aptitude. During my stay at Vacaville I was interviewed several times by two or three psychiatrists who ran a battery of aptitude and I.Q. tests on me. I scored low on the I.Q. tests, about the third or fourth grade; I don't know about scores on the others. Puzzled over these low scores in view of my good grades in college, the psychiatrists asked me about it. I explained to them that I refused to relate to these tests because they are routinely used as weapons against black people in particular and minority groups and poor people generally. The tests are based on white middle-class standards, and when we score low on them, the results are used to justify the prejudice that we are inferior and unintelligent. Since we are taught to believe that the tests are infallible, they have become a self-fulfilling prophecy that cuts off our initiative and brainwashes us.

I told the psychiatrists that if they really wanted to know my I.Q. they ought to examine my background and the work I had done in many areas, including creative disciplines like music. This seemed perfectly logical and obvious to me, but the psychiatrists either could not understand or preferred to remain ignorant. Their approach was so mechanical, so lacking in insight, that *they* appeared

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unintelligent to *me;* they refused to see that it is more important to judge a person by his accomplishments than by some abstract tests that may or may not correlate to the facts of his life. It has been my experience in prison that psychiatrists are among the most rigid and inflexible members of the staff. They are programmed and computerized like robots and cannot approach inmates as human beings. With their tests and questionnaires they seem to have a preconceived idea of what an "adjusted" human being is. Any deviation from this mold is a threat to them.

During this testing, the authorities puzzled over where to put me. There was much speculation in the prison about that, and through the grapevine I heard that they had some trouble deciding. They wanted, above all, an isolated prison, but because of the public attention my case had received they also wanted one that would be viewed in a favorable light, a kind of showplace for visitors. Then they could construct the charade that penitentiaries are rehabilitation centers rather than concentration camps.

The administration at Vacaville even went through the motions of asking my preference, although they had not the slightest intention of allowing me to choose. I gave San Quentin as my first preference, with Folsom and Soledad next in order. These three afforded relatively easy communication with the outside. As far as I am concerned, all prisons are concentration camps. One is little better or worse than another. My preferences were strictly based on the possibility of contact. San Quentin is close to home, only a 30-minute drive from Oakland, and even less from San Francisco; there my family and attorneys would be able to visit me fairly easily. I also had friends in San Quentin who could keep me in touch with my attorneys, my family, and with the media. Folsom came second for pretty much the same reasons: it was only about 80 miles from the Bay Area, I knew some people there, and the commuting would not be too bad for my family. Soledad was the farthest away of the three prisons—approximately 125 miles south of Oakland on Highway 101—and therefore the least desirable.

As it turned out, I did not go to any of them. I was taken by surprise when, after only 25 days at Vacaville—I was expecting to stay the usual 60—I received a slip saying I would be leaving within 24 hours for the California Men's Colony, East Facility, in San Luis Obispo. This time I traveled on a bus with other prisoners. Not that the prison officials had stopped treating me in a special way. For every prison bus a list is prepared of the prisoners who will be taking it and where they will be going. The bus I rode had everybody's name on the transportation list but mine. It came from Folsom, picked us up, and went on to San Quentin and then to another jail in San Jose. From San Jose we went to Soledad, where I spent the night in isolation. Brother George Jackson was near, but I never saw him. The friendly inmates on the bus gave me a rundown on the situation at the Penal Colony, so I was somewhat prepared when we arrived.

Although called a Men's Colony by the authorities, San Luis Obispo inmates know it as the California Penal Colony, which sums up what it is all about—a penal institution and a colonized situation. The state believes in euphemism, that by putting a pleasant name on a concentration camp they can change its objective characteristics. Prisons are referred to as "correctional facilities" or "men's colonies," and so forth; to the name giver, prisoners become "clients," as if the state of California were some vast advertising agency. But we who are prisoners know the truth; we call them penitentiaries and jails and refer to ourselves as convicts and inmates. This does not mean that we accept these labels as bad, only that we refuse to be deceived by the state's duplicity.

The California Penal Colony stands approximately halfway between Oakland and Los Angeles, about 200 miles from each, and getting there involves a major trip from both cities. In addition to its remoteness, it is not typical of California prisons. Fewer than 10 percent of the inmates are black or Chicano, even though these two groups make up more than 50 percent of the prison population in California. Since there have been no riots, the institution has a reputation as a model prison. The authorities like to claim a happy inmate population. Yet, once inside it, the reasons for its calm reputation are easy to understand. The Penal Colony is divided into four self-contained quadrants, each with approximately 600 inmates. Its layout and organization make it almost impossible for an inmate in one section to meet the three-quarters of the population in other quadrants. In addition, and very important, 80 percent of the prisoners are homosexual.

I did not know one person at the Penal Colony when I arrived. Eventually, I met other prisoners and tried to reach them, but I found it hard to politicize men who lived largely for the next sexual encounter. Sex was all.

These men are exploited and controlled by the guards and the system. Their sexuality is perverted by the guards and the system into a pseudosexuality that is used to control and undermine their normal yearnings for dignity and freedom. The system is the pusher in this case, and the prisoners are forced to become addicted to sex. Love and vulnerability and tenderness are distorted into functions of power, competition, and control.

Homosexual love at the Penal Colony was routinely simple. Each inmate, except me, had a key to let himself in and out of his cell during the day. A date would be made at mealtime or in the shower and a "point man" stationed outside in the hall to warn of approaching guards. This last step was unnecessary. The guards were content to look the other way as long as things stayed cool. Only political action brought quick, repressive steps. The guards would simply threaten to put the political offender on a bus and send him away from his lover. These threats always worked. As a matter of fact, many guards were themselves homosexuals. Often, as I showered, a guard would stand in the doorway, talking, looking not at my face but at my penis, and say, "Hey, Newton, how you doin' there, Newton? Wanna have some fun, Newton?" I laughed at them.

The reign of homosexual life in prison has changed somewhat with the introduction of conjugal visits. Liberals see this as a step forward, but it is not. The same coercion and control are there, even more so, because guards can deny a man his woman just as they denied a man his man; but the inmate cannot easily find another woman. This is prison, where every desire is used against you.

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Procedurally, the Penal Colony was Vacaville all over again. First I was taken to the warden who told me that they would allow me to stay on the main line if I went along with all the rules and did not attempt to organize. He was also against complaints; if I wanted to complain, I ought to wait until I got out of prison. Again, I said nothing. I expected to be there for 15 years. That is enough time to achieve a purpose.

After my meeting with the warden I was assigned to a counselor, who proposed that I go through a "rehabilitation program" to prepare me to return to society. I felt no need to be rehabilitated; my only crime was to speak in defense of the people. But the counselor went on describing the program. As the first step in my rehabilitation, he explained, I was to work in the prison dining hall at no salary. Eventually I would be able to move into a job in one of the various prison industries, where the salaries ranged from a minimum of three cents an hour to ten cents an hour.

I absolutely refused to engage in such exploitation, working at first for no salary and then for wages so low they could not be considered as salary at all. Instead, I offered a counterproposal. I would work willingly but only for a just compensation—union-scale wages. If they paid me union wages, and paid the same wages to all inmates, I would then be willing to work in any kind of job they chose. Further, I would also pay the cost of my room and board so that I would not be an expense to the state, even though it had put me there illegitimately. The staff, predictably, refused to consider this proposal.

I then offered another alternative—that my rehabilitation program consist of attending school in the prison. Even though I had completed an education beyond the level offered there, I knew that an educational program would permit me free use of the library to go on developing my knowledge. They refused this, too, on the ground that the education programs were a privilege and that I had to earn them by first working in prison industry for an unspecified period of time. In other words, first the stick—a dehumanization that satisfied them—and then the carrot—pursuit of my own interests. I refused again. Their demands were rooted in a lie, anyway. I knew that other prisoners had been permitted to start out with educational programs, and I also knew they would not allow me to do so because they wanted to break me. But I was not going to be broken.

So they placed me on lock-up. This means that I remained in my cell for most of the day and received no canteen privileges. The cells at the California Penal Colony each have three locks. One is centrally controlled and is in operation only at night. It goes on after the general lock-up with a loud clack that can be heard all over the prison. We call it "dropping the bar." The second lock is opened only by the guard's key, and the third lock by a key that the inmate possesses. Each morning, after "raising the bar" (taking off the centrally controlled lock), the guard went by and unlocked each cell; the inmate was then free for the rest of the day to leave or enter his cell with his own key. Because I was on lock-up, the guard passed my cell by when he came down the row in the morning. I was permitted out of my cell only for meals, for visitors, or for official prison business such as going before the disciplinary board. So I got out each day only from seven to eight for breakfast, twelve to one for lunch, and five to six-thirty for supper. During those times I also had to change my clothes, take a shower, and do any other necessary tasks.

In lock-up one is denied all privileges. I could make no purchases from the canteen, no cigarettes, soap, deodorant, toothpaste, and mouthwash. I had only a state toothbrush and institutional tooth powder. Each week I received six pieces of paper on which to write letters to any of the ten people on my visiting list. Although I received the *San Francisco Chronicle* in the mail, always one day late, even this was refused from time to time. At first I was permitted to have no other reading material or to do any other writing, but eventually my attorneys obtained a court order entitling me to a typewriter as well as books and writing material related to my case. I continued to exercise and practice control of my thoughts, which I had perfected by then.

Lock-up was their way of "punishing" me for refusing to accept slavery. The shops at the Penal Colony make shoes and license plates, and do the laundry of other institutions; for these services the Penal Colony is paid good rates. It follows that by paying almost no salary to inmates the system is little more than slavery. Prison is one of the most outrageous forms of economic exploitation in existence, although prison authorities see the system in a different light. I looked upon lock-up not as punishment but as liberation from servitude. Once a month I was called before the disciplinary board and asked if I was ready to cooperate with them and come off lock-up. Every month I refused.

The guards thought I was fighting a losing battle, that I would not be able to stand it for long. I would eventually break, they said, so why waste away in solitary? Moreover, by resisting prison rules and regulations, I was simply extending my time to the full 15 years.

The isolation of lock-up was bearable—really more than that. My brain was active; there were many things to think about, and I filled the days working out ideas I had begun to develop back at Oakland City College. Furthermore, my family was able to visit me often, despite the long drive. Rules allowed visitors every day of the week except Tuesday and Wednesday, which were designated as nonvisiting days. If my attorneys wanted to see me, they deliberately came on a nonvisiting day, and my family worked out a schedule whereby I had a visit on three or four other days; so between family, lawyers, and friends I was quite often in the visiting area from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon.

My family sustained me. I needed their warmth and the news they brought from the outside. Except for mealtimes, I was not permitted to talk with other prisoners, and the *San Francisco Chronicle* is a limited source of information. Rehabilitation never offered mental health—just the reverse. It involved communication only with the staff, who are not worth any contact at all. To listen to their philosophy or accept their outlook will destroy you.

After I had been on lock-up for six months, the guards began to look for cracks, signs of submission; bets were made about when it would happen. I ignored the probing, which puzzled them even more. A guard approached me

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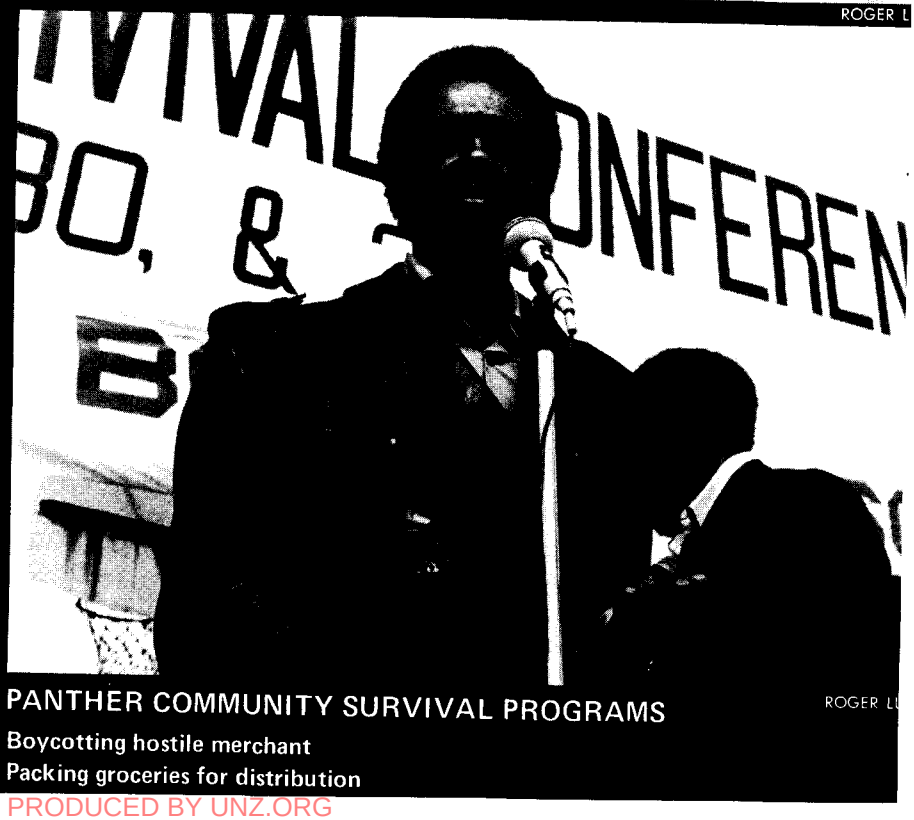
ROGER LUBIN

STEPHEN SH

ROGER L

STEPHEN SHAMES



ROGER L

le cell testing
e food program

PANTHER COMMUNITY SURVIVAL PROGRAMS

Boycotting hostile merchant
Packing groceries for distribution

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one day and said, "Most guys go nuts after a few weeks in solitary, and you've already gone six months. What is it? Don't you feel any sort of tension?" Others began to show concern for my mental and physical health. When this started, I knew I had mastered them.

To express my contempt for their system I wrote an article called "Prison Where Is Thy Victory?", smuggled it out with visitors, and had it printed in the Black Panther newspaper. At the time, I still was not permitted writing material, but I managed to write the essay and see that it reached the Party. In the article I taunted the guards for thinking that because a man's body is in prison they have won a victory over the ideas that inspired his actions. My purpose was to show contempt for my captors and also to encourage the courageous comrades who were continuing the struggle. I was very pleased when the article was published and the guards got the message.

Now the prison administration changed tactics. Convinced at last that I would not bow down, they began to tell the other prisoners that the only reason for my perseverance was a mistaken belief that my conviction would be reversed by a higher court. In other words, they said only hope sustained me, and without this hope to cling to, I would collapse. But I had no more faith in the higher courts than I had in the lower courts, and I was prepared to stay in isolation for the entire 15 years. This was something they consistently failed to understand.

Very few people in America have any deep perception of conditions and treatment in prisons for an obvious reason: the authorities, who have total control of the situation, see to it that the public is not told the truth. Prisoners cannot communicate freely and privately with the outside. Therefore what most people know about prisons is what the authorities want them to hear. Millions of people were surprised and shocked by the assassination of Comrade George Jackson and the massacre at Attica because they do not understand how oppressive even the best prisons are.

I have often pondered the similarity between prison experience and the slave experience of black people. Both systems involve exploitation: the slave received no compensation for the wealth he produced, and the prisoner is expected to produce marketable goods for what amounts to no compensation. Slavery and prison life share a complete lack of freedom of movement. The power of those in authority is total, and they expect deference from those under their domination. Just as in the days of slavery, constant surveillance and observation is part of prison experience, and if inmates develop meaningful and revolutionary friendships among themselves, these ties are broken by institutional transfers, just as the slavemaster broke up families. In my own experience, a number of inmates who refused to follow orders and stay away from me during mealtimes were transferred for "institutional convenience." It is generally recognized that a system of slavery is degrading for the master and slave alike. This applies to prison, too. The atmosphere of fear has a distorting effect on the lives of everyone there—from commissioners and superintendents to prisoners in solitary confinement. Nowhere is this more evident than among "correctional officers," as the guards are euphemistically called.

Prison guards are pathetic figures. I had very little contact with them because I stayed in my cell so much, but they harassed me every chance they got. When I went out to see visitors, they searched my cell, sometimes senselessly tearing it up, throwing my washcloth on the floor, dumping my toothbrush in the toilet, and creating a general disorder. If they ever found items from the canteen, such as deodorant or hair oil, they would write me up for having "contraband" in my cell, a violation of prison regulations. They took great pleasure in these petty harassments, and after a time I developed a wry attitude, seeing it for what it was, the childish behavior of small men.

Once I got a "beef" and went to the hole. I went without a struggle. Since I was already in isolation, being in the hole meant only that I ate my meals in my cell instead of the prison dining room. It was the easiest solitary confinement I ever pulled because I was allowed to have reading material there. Most of the books were old and juvenile—Rin-Tin-Tin, Hopalong Cassidy, and the like—but I also got hold of the Bible, which I love, and which I read through again, for the third time.

The guards never gave up their effort to keep me in a constant state of rage, but I recognized their limitations and avoided their assaults, either by refusing to communicate with them or not doing what they wanted.

Obviously the guards are victims, too, but the fact that they have a limited and very crude kind of power tends to corrupt and brutalize them. Some of them perceive dimly how blighted their lives are and try to compensate in pathetic ways. For instance, when the student disturbances broke out at the University of California at Santa Barbara in the spring of 1970, the Penal Colony dispatched members of the "goon squad" to assist in putting down the rebellion. When the guards returned, they were full of tales about how they had jailed professors and smart rich kids. This made them feel important, bigger than real life, and when they were not talking about revolutionaries as if they were dogs, they boasted about the fine motels they had stayed in while beating up members of the univeristy community and the opulent meals they had eaten in "Sambo's" restaurant. In lives so empty and bereft of meaning, events like this were highlights.

During my 22 months in the Penal Colony I knew that a political consciousness was growing among people both in and out of prison. I could see it when I talked with other inmates at mealtimes; we got into heavy raps about the situation in this country. It was obvious in the growing movement outside the prison—among students, welfare recipients, hospital employees, and community workers, to name a few. This confidence lay behind my ability to withstand the oppression. They could lock up my body but not my spirit; that was with the people. The spirit of revolution will continue to grow within the prisons. I look forward to the time when all inmates will offer greater resistance by refusing to work as I did. Such a simple move would bring the machinery of the penal system to a halt.

Though the guards eventually realized that I would never break under their harassment, other members of the prison staff could not accept my resistance. They kept probing for

(Continued on page 50)

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Juan and Eva Peron

Juan and Isabel Peron

Last Tango in Buenos Aires:

The Re-emergence of Juan Peron

by Jose Yglesias

I said to my Argentine friends, as they drove me in December to Buenos Aires from the airport, "I'm going to begin my article, *I arrived in Buenos Aires when the jacarandas were in bloom.*" That pleased them. Argentine intellectuals enjoy irony; this old fashioned way of beginning a travel piece made fun of their love for the very real beauty of the huge jacarandas in purplish-blue headdresses. It would also be a brazen evasion of the most salient presence in Buenos Aires during their spring—Peron's. El Pocho, the Old Man, the Cuckoo—in descending order of appreciation—was back after 17 years of exile to drive out the imperialists, to unite the country, to pacify it, to exacerbate its problems—again in descending order of political approval. In any case, there was no question that it was Peron's spring, and no talk of jacarandas was going to shunt him aside.

But the old forms have their reasons: one has to describe the city if only because it appears to give the lie to all the news stories about its chaotic state. Day and night the streets were full of well-dressed people, not simply at the traditional *paseo* time of Latin countries, and the number of shops were many more than New York's and more tasteful. People strolled in the city's parks, lounged on its benches, jammed its cafes and restaurants. The traffic was constant, bumper to bumper and audacious; the manner in which cars approached each other at intersections was hair-raising, yet I saw only one accident in 12 days. Buenos Aires has, it would seem, hundreds of bus lines, and there are subways too, and none appear ever to empty. Four

Jose Yglesias is a novelist who has written about Cuba in In the Fist of the Revolution *(Vintage) and about Latin America in* Down There *(World). He wrote this article after visiting Argentina last December on assignment for the* New York Times Sunday Magazine.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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million people live there—almost a fifth of the country's population.

I stayed, it's true, *en el centro,* in the midst of its commercial and middle class district, analogous perhaps to Manhattan's East Side, but the city has many barrios and these neighborhoods have their own shops and cafes and theaters. Some people live out their lives there without going "downtown," There are no important department stores to draw one away—though shopping seems a real passion with Argentines—because they have never taken hold. The few that do exist are the first to feel any economic squeeze, rather than, as with us, the small shops. The middle-class apartment buildings in the center are spacious and high-ceilinged, all with a maid's quarters beyond the kitchen.

By dollar standards all the amenities of Buenos Aires are within easy reach. The best restaurants cost no more than our third-rate ones, wine included. Clothes—as stylish as those of any Western capital—are half the price. I lived in a two-bedroom, furnished apartment. The friends who rented it considered it expensive—$150 a month. The living and dining room furniture were fine copies of 18th Century French; the heavy drapes were decorated in needlepoint of the same period, but not copies; the rugs were Persian, the china Limoges and the crystal Baccarat. It was a long taxi ride that cost as much as a dollar. "We insisted on an apartment with a really good kitchen, no matter what the cost," a Fulbright professor said to me. "But we seldom eat home, the restaurants are so good and cheap."

This at the official exchange rate for the peso, which fluctuates between nine and ten to the dollar. But if you've got dollars—and here you begin to see there's something gone wrong with the country—you don't walk into a bank and exchange them at the official rate. I tried it one day at the First National City Bank of Boston, a marble and bronze palace, and found to my surprise that there was a considerable number of people cashing travelers' checks at the official rate plus discounts for taxes and service charges. All at a slow pace, because American banks adopt the local bureaucratic ways and you have to take a numbered ticket and wait your turn. There were 22 people ahead of me. Whereas with El Pibe, a black market dealer, there was no waiting and no discounts and you never got less than 12 to the dollar, a gain of about 25 percent, and—as a bonus—a conversation with a witty, charming man.

We had not yet reached the city from the airport when I heard about El Pibe, a nickname for which our equivalent would be The Kid. He was a member of a perfectly respectable brokerage house and he dealt with people like my friends more out of friendship than need. Young people off the streets with a five dollar bill got the same treatment. "It is all illegal, of course," he said, when he told me some of his clients are officials in the national bank, "but the authorities do not interfere if only because this is one sure way of knowing what the real value of the peso is." The black market exists, he explained, because there are people who want to import goods and make partial payment in secretly-held dollars. The exporter abroad obliges by reducing his invoice peso prices by the amount paid in dollars, resulting in considerable savings for the buyer on the high import taxes.

Such people are not, however, the big buyers of dollars. "They are the foreign companies," El Pibe said, "who may make as much as 50 percent profit and declare only 8½. Some of my clients are well-known American firms." After taxes on the "8½," they can remit any remaining dollars to the home office. With the undeclared peso profits, however, they buy dollars from El Pibe—"no invoices, nothing on paper at all," he says—and remit those without official sanction. A clean, dispassionate explanation of a situation that provides the Peronistas as well as the revolutionary Left, both clandestine and aboveground, with many of its arguments about what is wrong with the country.

What's wrong with the country is a large national debt, an unfavorable balance of trade, and an uncontrolled inflation that has eaten away, in the last year alone, some 60 percent of real income—according to official figures. Most people say it's more like 80 percent. For the 17 years that Peron has been in exile, generals have ruled Argentina, except during two short periods of elected governments that the military first allowed and then tumbled. The present group, headed by General Alejandro Lanusse, seems disposed to turn over the country's problems to a constitutional government. Talk began months ago, during which the government announced Peron could return if he liked, expecting he would not; by December, political parties—of which there appear to be an endless number—were hurriedly forming alliances and nominating their candidates for the presidency and congress. The elections are due in March. The generals stipulate that the ministerial posts for the Army, Navy and Air Force must remain in their hands and that no one not living in Argentina as of August 25, 1972, can run for the presidency. That means Peron; their enmity for him is undiminished.

Seventeen years ago the image of Peron projected by conservatives, liberals and leftwingers was of a fascist dictator who, through demagoguery and mob pressure, had won two elections. That ideological united front has broken down through the years and you are laughed at now if you call Peron a fascist. He has kept the support of the workers and gained the young people who were once almost solidly opposed, and there are many middle-class liberals and radicals who see in him and the Peronist movement the only chance for Argentina. Indeed, some expect revolutionary change.

During my first evening in Buenos Aires, I saw evidence of this change in attitude. I was invited to dine with a German graduate student, a Catholic bishop, an exiled Spanish anarchist, and two Argentine radicals. They argued that the position of the Socialists and Communists—which remains uncorrupted—is both foolish and irrelevant. Even reactionary, for if to some Peron's role was merely that of a catalyst, to the radicals he is the supreme expression of the revolutionary conscience of the Argentine workers. "There are no formulas for revolution," said one radical who in his youth was Trotskyist. "All those old, corrupt aides of Peron have no power and the fascisizing aspects of Peronism are purely secondary. We are engaged in a dialectical process that makes

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Peronism revolutionary!"

The dinner was cooked on the terrace of a grill, a superb *asado* of broiled meats and sausages, and there was much wine. The Catholic bishop devotes his time to the *villas miserias* and it is not important to him that the goals of a Third World revolution fit in with Marxist theory. "I would add to what you have said," he told the radical, "the word humanism—how we live as human beings with one another. Sometimes Marxists with whom I have collaborated think I play politics." One Christmas he joined a secular gathering at a villa miseria rather than celebrate mass at the cathedral as custom expects of a bishop. The meeting had been organized by Marxists and they had invited him. "I said only a few words. I said I was not particularly interested in that Christianity which talks only of love and God—a concept which is full of theological problems anyway—but in love of one's neighbors, and I overheard the Marxists say, Look what a clever man the bishop is, he has made the occasion serve his own propaganda!" Everyone laughed, and the radical made the point that revolutionary Peronism by its practicality and lack of dogma can bring people together as different as those at the table. He had drunk much wine and he admitted, "Peron is not himself a revolutionary, he has no ideology, he is a great practical politician and he is exactly what the people need."

Again the late hour and the wine may have caused them to attempt to define the revolutionary tradition in Peronism. With varying degrees of conviction, they seemed agreed that Eva Peron personified this. That is why the walls of Buenos Aires are full of painted slogans saying, "Evita Lives!" She had, they said, always made Peronism serve the people, though she lacked, as Latins say, political formation. The hospitals and parks for workers were due to her, and at the Eva Peron Foundation she worked until the early hours of the morning when she was dying of cancer, receiving the poor and seeing to it that they received what they petitioned to get, whether clothes or a new bed or a stove. "She was to us what El Che was to Cuba," said the radical, who had been there last spring. "Just as Peron is Fidel. True, Peron without Evita would be Peron, but Peronism could not be Peronism without Evita. Just as Evita would not be Evita without Peron. She needed him." He meant by this that Argentine revolutionaries now can get nowhere without Peron.

The next day I told a sociologist who works in the Municipal Housing Authority what the Left Peronistas believed. "Oh yes, I know their point of view," he replied. "Poor people, they will be the first to be liquidated if Peron gets back in power. If there is one point of agreement between the military and Peron it is that the Communists—and to them all leftists are Communists—must be liquidated. The Sociologist believes that there is a kind of agreement between the military dictatorship and Peron, that Peron's mission is to pacify a situation that had been getting out of hand. "Not a formal agreement, you understand. Take the CGT [the national trade union organized during Peron's rule; it forms the mass base of Peron's Justicialista Movement] —it has not called a single strike since the negotiations with Peron started at the beginning of the year. And this during a time of inflation when you would expect the unions to strike for higher pay."

The Sociologist doesn't get excited about his convictions. He was a college student when Peron was president, and like all the youth at the time was anti-Peron. He was jailed overnight twice in those days—once, because a woman in a bus denounced him to the police for making jokes with his friends about Peron; another time, as he came out of a theater with friends, simply because they all looked suspicious. He calls himself a social democrat and would like to see Argentina move gradually into the socialism of the Scandanavian countries. "I think only Peron's death will get us all together again to work with the trade unions to overcome the oligarchy and the generals."

Between the Sociologist and the revolutionary Peronistas there are intermediary positions. There are independent liberals, Marxists, Fidelistas, who believe that Peron's present political role is a positive one, although they do not fool themselves about Peron's claims to lead a Third World revolutionary movement in Latin America. They decided quite consciously to join the enormous crowds that tried to greet him at Vicente Lopez, the wealthy suburban street where he was staying.

But the most curious political stance is that of persons who tell you that they are simply no longer anti-Peron. One night with the revolutionary Peronistas I found myself in a corner with a man of about 30 who had been quiet most of the evening. He turned out to disagree with everything his friends were saying. He was five when Peron came to power and, because his father was a minor Communist leader in the neighborhood, his childhood was full of terror. He remembers a mob heading for his home—they would all be killed, he thought—and veering off at the last moment because the mob discovered a greater enemy down the block. "And Evita's work for the poor—I hate that. People should be allowed to earn what they need because they have the right, not get it as charity." I said that I had been under the impression that he had gone to Vicente Lopez when Peron first arrived. He paused and thought it over. "I felt the need to," he replied, thinking it sufficient explanation.

It was no discovery of mine that these changes of attitude by people essentially middle class were often due to the pure, unwavering admiration of the poor for Peron. They told you themselves. The middle class suffer not only the economic squeeze and disgust with the generals, but guilt at not being able to participate genuinely in the simple, direct expression of support for Peron that I heard from workers. "We ate better, we lived better." Even so special a breed as taxi drivers. "My wife and I were able to eat out Saturday and Sunday nights and go dancing too. Now if we eat out once a month we can consider ourselves lucky. I do not deny that there were some people around Peron who were ugly, who were given jobs to do by Peron and they only enriched themselves. Some of these people are still around but the politicians and the generals we have had since have given us nothing—they have turned over the country to the foreign companies." Good politician that he is, Peron has

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(BAI-1)BUENOS AIRES,Argentina,Nov.23--PERONIST DEMONSTRATION--Police make arrests and hurl tear gas Wednesday to disperse Peronist demonstrators in a suburb near the house where former President Juan Peron has been staying since his return to this country.All but six of some 100 persons arrested were freed early Thursday.(AP Wirephoto via cable from Buenos Aires) (db51330pw) 1972

explained his increasing popular strength by quoting an old Castilian proverb: "After me will come those who will make me good."

All the villas miserias—the government euphemistically calls them Emergency Towns—are solidly Peronista. At one of the older ones, on the outskirts of the city, the settlement seemed quite permanent; the older houses of brick, others wood, some slapped together with old boards and tin; the streets gravel, with open ditches on either side to carry away the kitchen and bath water. The Sociologist from the Housing Authority said that it would be difficult to move these squatters on municipal land, even if sufficient new housing is built, because a whole social and economic structure holds them together and the people want to stay and buy the land on which they've built. "But that is even more difficult," he added. "Look!" And he pointed to one of many shacks no more than 10 feet square leaning against another only slightly larger. "How do you arrange for property holdings that small or continue streets this irregular?"

We ran into the president of the Unidad, a kind of mayor of the poverty town, elected by the squatters. He works at night and he came over to talk to the Sociologist with whom he seemed to have good working relations. I asked him if he looked forward to the elections in March. "Oh sir, the elections cannot solve anything," he replied. "The problems we have are other. Something has to be done about the foreign monopolies that are sucking our riches away." But if there are elections whom would we vote for? "Whom would I vote for! Why, like everyone who lives here—for Peron." He talked about the people, how they make a living, and he cited as an example his son who takes two buses to his factory job, one hour each way, works 11 to 12 hours a day, and earns $80 a month. When we left him, I said to the Sociologist that the president knew how to express himself well. "You were not talking to an ordinary citizen of the villa," he explained. "He is an old militant of the CGT, you know—in fact, a *pistolero*." A gunman.

Another day I visited a villa miseria close to the city, along the port, with a young newspaperwoman who has been following the career of Father Carlos Mujica, who works there. He is the most prominent of the Third World Priests, an informal group working with the poor, and he was one of the many notables who had been invited by the Peronist Movement to travel with Peron on his return to Argentina.

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It was the Day of Our Immaculate Virgin and he was officiating at a special mass at his chapel in the villa miseria called "Cristo Obrero," Christ the Worker. On this street, closest to the paved ones of the city, many of the houses were solid stucco and the chapel, built with voluntary labor, was a bare brick and stucco structure. The chapel cannot accomodate more than 50 people, so a large crucifix had been hung from the door and a wooden table set out on the street with two or three old pews facing it. The people of the villa are mostly Bolivians, small dark Indians that one first saw in our newspapers when el Che Guevara was killed in their country. It was not simply the mass that drew them to the chapel that day; word had come that morning that Isabelita, Peron's present wife, was going to attend.

Father Mujica is young, handsome, blond and blue-eyed, and energetic. A woman friend took one long look at him and said, "What a waste of a man!" He wore dark work pants and shirt and he was outside giving orders and consulting with two young couples who were holding newborn infants to be baptised later. In a kind of ultimate demystification of the mass, he put on his vestments over his work clothes while still talking to his aides in the street. By mistake, he put them on inside out and so had to pause a moment to get properly dressed. The vestments, however, were perfectly clean and pressed, and I was to see later that he did not stint the ritual, though there was no wine for the host and he sang unaccompanied. The street was soon packed and people stood on the roofs of the buildings so they could bear the weight. A young Peronist with a bull horn would occasionally call directives from one roof, mostly to children noisily enjoying the fiesta.

The mass had already begun when Isabelita arrived. Her car inched its way up the street and the crowd began to chant her name. She wore a plain off-white suit, no jewelry, her dyed blonde hair drawn back loosely, her appearance more a suggestion than an imitation of Eva Peron. She went inside the chapel to hold and kiss the babies about to be baptised and when the photographers finished, she came outside for the mass. Father Mujica read a prayer he had written for the day, a litany each of whose sentences began, "Father, forgive me . . ." Each was a confession of a social sin, beginning with "Forgive me for having become accustomed to seeing that the children who appear to be ten years old are thirteen," and ending, "I dream of dying for them; help me to live for them." Middle class guilt again, uttered to the wrong audience, for none there could join him in that prayer.

At the end of the mass, Isabelita stood on the wooden table that had been the altar and spoke into a hand mike. Some of her phrases were reminiscent of Evita's, but she got lost in the midst of sentences and there was, as the Left Peronistas had warned me, no revolutionary fervor in what she said. Once more she disclaimed that she had any intention of replacing Evita–she was just another Peronist. But she promised the people she would work for them. Before she stepped down she led the crowd in the Peronist chant: *"Se siente, se siente/ Evita está presente!"* (One feels it, one feels it/Evita is here!) In the presence of that hopeful, believing mass of people, it seemed mean to question the sincerety of Number Two Wife paying tribute to Number One Wife.

Before she left, she began the distribution of candy she had brought for the children. A little Indian girl gave me one when we were watching the baptism inside the chapel. Not good but welcome. Father Majica did not rush through the baptism; he talked intimately, warmly, with the young parents, all the while playing with the infants; but when he was done, he pulled off his vestments quickly. He came over and said, "I hear that though you are a Yankee, you are not a bad sort," and quickly turned away when an aide called him from the street. He stopped when he reached the door and called to the sole newspaperman who hadn't left with Isabelita. "Come!" he said, and we followed. Down the street another aide–like the others, a man of middle-class background–was arguing angrily with a man in a suit and tie.

In one of the houses, a dead child had been laid out awaiting his funeral. The family had already paid $40 but now the man from the funeral parlor wanted $100 more. Father Mujica acted, first, as conciliator. "We will pay something reasonable but not that," he said. The funeral parlor man accused the aide of putting on a show for newspapermen. Father Mujica's tone changed. "You go through with the funeral or we will gather one hundred people immediately and march into the center of the city." The matter was settled with no advance payment.

That evening I told my experience to the well-known Argentine novelist David Viñas. "Candy! She distributed candy!" he exclaimed; the rest was a string of obsceneties. "Of course, at that villa which is mostly Bolivians–not Bolivian miners but the most backward peasants. Candy! These days when the revolutionary underground waylays grocery and milk trucks and empties them in the villas. Candy! She is working hard to be another Evita."

With us was Marysa Navarro, professor of Latin American history at Dartmouth University, in Argentina for a year to write a biography of Eva Peron. She protested. "Evita distributed clothes, shoes, notebooks, useful things. Evita was something else altogether."

Viñas is a big, bearded, bearish man. He is also a prominent member of the Revolutionary Communist Party, formed a few years ago by Argentines influenced by the Cuban revolution. "Yes, yes," he admitted unhappily, and proceeded to tell about the time he had met Evita years ago. It was November 1951, at the time of the elections for Peron's second term. Evita had just come out of an operation for cancer of the uterus and she had asked and been granted for the right to vote from her hospital bed. For it to be legal there had to be a poll watcher of an opposition party present, and Viñas, a young proofreader at the time, acted as such for the Radical Party–not at all what its name says.

"It was a rainy day and we three went in–a member of the election board carrying the ballot box, a Peronista party representative, and me. For a moment we were in the hospital room alone with her. Awed. Her face

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was made up but quite drawn. Her legs were bent and spread out. On her hospital bed were the different ballots of all the parties. We had to leave her alone to vote and when we came back they were all there but the Peronist ballot. But the most impressive moment of all came when we left and walked through the women kneeling in the entrance and outside the hospital."

Marysa Navarro explained, "While she was in the hospital there were always hundreds of people keeping watch outside and as close to her room as they could get."

"They were kneeling in the rain and reaching up to try to touch the ballot box," Viñas continued. "Because Evita had touched it and her vote was inside." He shook himself. "A ballot box had acquired mystical properties!"

These days in Buenos Aires the young Peronistas, who indeed are much to the left of the old guard that surrounds Peron, chant the slogan, "*Si Evita viviera/Fuera Montonera*" (If Evita were alive/She would be a Montonera). The Montoneros are the clandestine guerrillas of the Peronist Movement who cooperate in terrorist and other underground activities with other revolutionary groups. The right-wing, anti-Peronists' answer to the slogan is, "*Si Evita viviera/Isabelita sería copera*" (If Evita were alive/Isabelita would be a bar girl). In Panama, where Isabelita met Peron in the early years of his exile, Isabelita worked in a bar entertaining customers. Twenty years ago, Peron's enemies were as hard on Evita, a small-town girl who had made it in Buenos Aires as a minor actress and radio personality.

A witty journalist who should perhaps remain anonymous has an answer to this malice about Evita and Isabelita. "It speaks well for both Peron and his wives that each of these women led independent sexual lives until they met Peron. From then on they were models of fidelity. Whereas Lanusse's wife had an affair with a young air force pilot while he was in Rawson [a jail in the far South] for his part in that abortive uprising against Peron, and she had a child by him. He was a pilot of the plane that flew her there on her visits to her husband. Lanusse was furious and there are copies of a letter around from the pilot asking her to leave Lanusse and marry him. Everyone knows that."

I'm not at all certain that this journalist should remain anonymous. My conversations with him and Viñas—indeed, with the many people I met—whether in their homes, in restaurants, taxis, or bars, were often less circumspect than they would have been in the States. With Viñas we had dined at El Pepino, a restaurant in the theater district, and we sat by an enormous open window in the street, so that passers-by stopped and exchanged comments with him. Newspapers and magazines seemed uncensored and the bookstores, of which there are many in Buenos Aires, carried books on every subject from every point of view. A military dictatorship? I began to tease my friends about this as I had done about the city's affluence. "Have you read anything about Trelew?" was their reply. "Or any news about the activities of revolutionary groups?"

Trelew is a naval base in the South where a group of political prisoners were—quite literally—massacred last August. Sixteen were killed and three badly wounded. They had escaped a few days earlier from Rawson, a civil jail, along with six other prisoners—like them all members of guerrilla groups. During the jailbreak, the prison and the nearby Trelew airport were captured. The escape was managed with the help of guerrillas outside the jail, and it was the first time Argentina's three organized guerrilla groups acted together. At the airport they ran into trouble and only six were able to commandeer a plane to fly to Chile. The other 19, among them five women, were not returned to Rawson but were jailed at the naval base. One night, at three in the morning, they were hustled out of their cells and while standing in the corridor were shot down with machine guns.

The government issued a report that they were killed while attempting to escape, and it has gone to great lengths to keep the real story from gaining circulation. It has invoked a catch-all anti-subversive law and added a new clause to the penal code that stipulates that news publications may not act as "reflectors" of subversive propaganda. This means that a newspaper may not print, say, a news release from the lawyers representing the three survivors. The latter have put out a small brochure with an account of the incident that shows diagrams of the base and the cell wing where the guerrillas were jailed, and also statements of what happened from the three survivors. The brochure's contents have yet to be published anywhere, but it takes little leg work to find it. I obtained it from an important editor of a conservative paper. "They had to suppress the story," he said. "There was an extraordinary revulsion on the part of our people, no matter what their politics."

The military have not restricted themselves to the anti-subversive decrees. The publishers of newspapers will receive calls from the Secretariat of Information whenever it feels that the paper or magazine has been giving too much coverage to, say, guerrilla activity. In the Trelew case there is the notorious but unpublished incident of *Panorama*—an Argentine news magazine in the style of *Time*. *Panorama* had carried a boxed story which reported the government version in a skeptical tone, and ended, "Perhaps the life style of the armed groups is unacceptable to the majority of people but the alleged evidence against them does not authorize the mass execution of prisoners for political and ideological reasons."

At 3:00 A.M. one night, the publisher received a phone call from an irate government functionary. When the editor reported to work the next morning, he found he was out of a job. In fact, no one expected any better from the publisher. Much of the advertising comes directly from government agencies and other advertisers can be easily persuaded to discontinue. I was told that an extra pressure could have been exerted in this case: another business venture of the publisher's was capitalized with government credits that could be withdrawn at any time. Then again, if such methods fail, there are the "para-military" groups, as clandestine as the guerrillas, who will beat up recalcitrant individuals or bomb their homes. I know of an international news agency which had been

(Continued on page 52)

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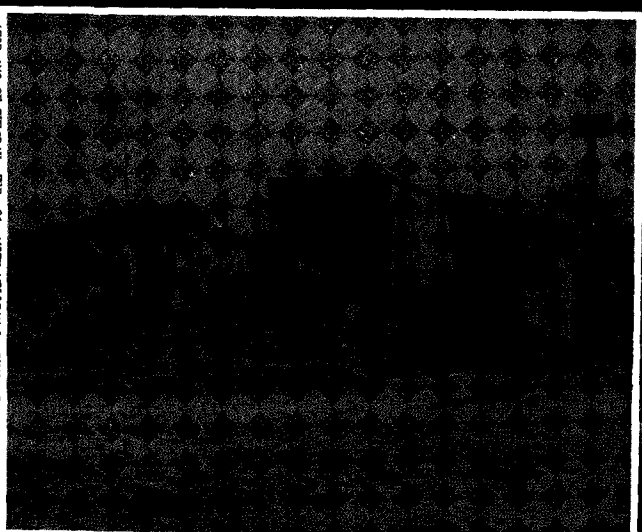
Buenos Aires de noche

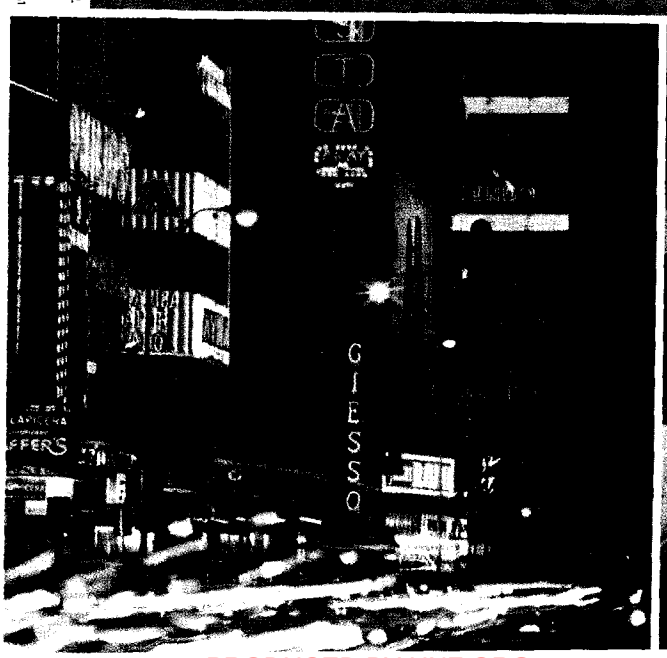
Buenos Aires ofrece las noches de show y de alegría más prolongadas del mundo. Ritmo, luces, belleza, tango. Un vértigo amable y fascinante que se prolonga hasta el amanecer.

Swinging Buenos Aires

Shows, happiness and entertainment are features of unforgettable nights in Buenos Aires, the longest in the world. Fast-moving rhythm, dazzling lights, great beauty, tangos, a fascinating and friendly vortex of entertainment lasting until the early morning hours.



(ADV #15 OF TUESDAY, FEB 21, WITH WILLIAM A. RYAN STORY ON ARGENTINA)
(AP) NS. 20 FEB 61 BUENOS AIRES, Argentina: This is one of the villas miserias--misery villages--in Buenos Aires, a legacy of the regime by Juan D. Peron's dictatorship. About 10 per cent of the Argentine capital's population lives in shanty slums such as this. Misery villages spar many other Argentine cities. (APWirephoto) (PR20700hr-) 61



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George Meany Demands that Workers Seize the Means of Production

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A Gallery of Improbable Occurences

by Edward Sorel and Kirkpatrick Sale

Tom Hayden Joins the Beverly Hills Country Club

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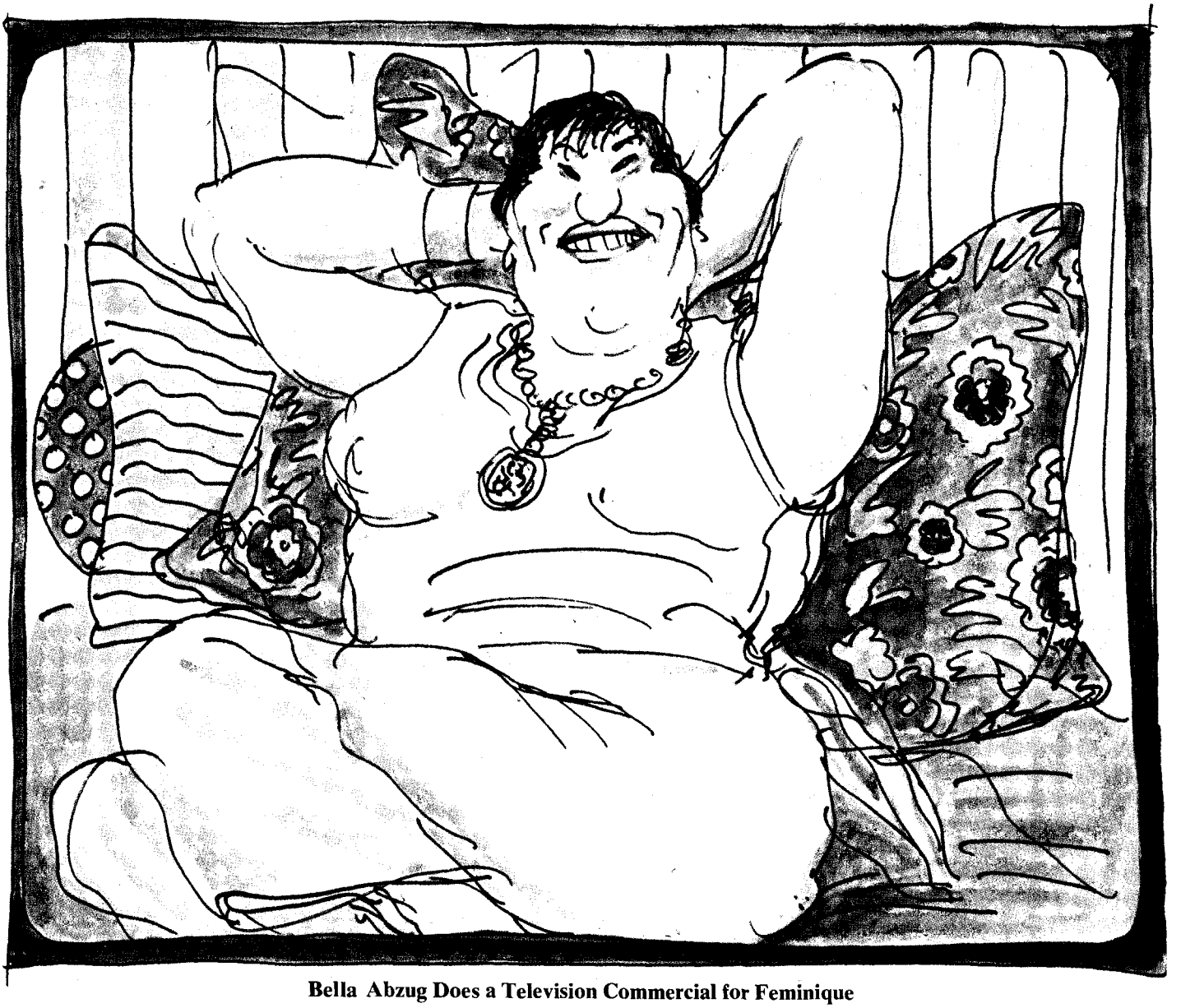

Bella Abzug Does a Television Commercial for Feminique

Walt Disney Productions Starts Producing X-Rated Movies

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TURNING ON: THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

by Andrew Kopkind

In the old days, the politics of drugs was all drugs and very little politics. Every user was an ideological pusher; every straight was the enemy. For Sergeant Pepper-potheads, speedfreaks and Owsley psychedelians, getting high was a necessary and sufficient act of life-affirmation: "Everybody *must* get stoned." My own peak on that trip came one bright and beautiful Memorial Day some years ago. Travelling far and fast, I stopped under a clear waterfall on a hillside in West Virginia to consider with a friend an important question: whether acid *was* the Revolution—or *was like* the Revolution.

But now that the high life isn't so easy to come by, and affirmation isn't so clearly found, the use of drugs has become a different kind of political issue, and the drug debates that have developed recently cut close to the bones of contention within a society much larger than the sub-culture of heads. The legal issues seem to have polarized at positions of total repression and complete decriminalization. Drug researchers and mystics are contesting for the honor of formulating the new definitions of consciousness; psycho-commissars and pop yogis fight for space and time in the laboratory and the press. The social conditions under which drugs are used seem much more important now than the content of the drugs themselves. And the debates about the political function of drugs have shifted from cosmic liberation to authoritarian control: the corner Super Fly is a picayune pusher alongside the schools that control kids with Ritalin, the shrinks that numb patients with Thorazine, the social workers that hook junkies on Methadone and the governments that manipulate the opium industry for whatever fun and profit they can find.

Some of these tensions of the new politics of drugs were played out (and some were played down) at a conference held one weekend in February at the stone-cold Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., where a dozen or so "experts" and a large audience gathered to mull over the nature of "Altered States of Consciousness." The meeting was the occasion for an official chop at the chains of Reason that have removed the problem of Mind from consideration by scientists for these last several centuries. As a kind of innovation, Jean Houston—a consciousness clinician on the speaker's panel—invoked Blake:

May God us keep
From single vision &
Newton's sleep

A few years ago, no scientist in his right mind would have considered the possibility that there was any other mind than the right one. But the evidence of personal drug experiences (and non-drug highs) of scientists, their children and their patients or clients has made it pretty hard to deny that the changes that occur in humans under the influence of drugs have a meaning that is beyond chemistry and physiology to describe. No tape records what the still, small voice says; no film captures what the inner eye sees. The new literature of altered states of consciousness (ASC, in the professionals' jargon) is filling the shelves: Castaneda's accounts of his travels with the late Don Juan, John Lilly's tales of LSD and eclectic Sufism, Andrew Weil's paean to "stoned thinking." Castaneda began his investigations as an academic anthropologist; Lilly spent years trying to rap down great ideas with dolphins. and Weil was a standard Harvard psychiatrist and marijuana researcher—until, for all of them, Science proved the wrong way. It's no wonder that the scientific establishment fears it is about to lose its best minds to alteration, and its best response is to set the terms for the popular examination of consciousness.

"It's very medical-orientated," a drug education programmer from Upstate New York confided to me as the Smithsonian meetings got underway. "The original list of speakers was more far out, but they got scared and made it more scientific and respectable." The Smithsonian and the Drug Abuse Council, a Ford-funded outfit that is creeping into progressive positions in drug politics, did the inviting: Castenada, Weil, Lilly and Stanislav Grof (well-known for giving LSD to terminal cancer patients to help them make peace with their Cosmos) were not on the panel, although Grof was in the audience. One of the organizers told me he had looked *everywhere* for Castaneda but couldn't find him. Weil was told he was too "religious" to be included.

The correct tone was established by Norman Zinberg, the more respectable anchorman of the grass-research team that had Andy Weil as the *enfant terrible.* Zinberg, a Harvard academic and Boston psychiatrist, identified "the most important" new element in the scientific study of drug use as the acceptance of "set and setting" as integral aspects of any drug experience. That is, the subjective "set" (or personal expectations, fears, emotions) of the user and the "setting" (locale, companions, social conditions) of the experience are logically implicated in the effect of a drug, and determine its meaning to the subject.

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Now that seems pretty standard to anyone who has taken any drug—from alcohol to cocaine—but for medicinemen who exclude all but objective chemical and physiological data, it is a somewhat novel idea.

The result of their consternation is an attempt to quantify "set and setting," so that such subjective inputs as anxiety, a clear or gloomy day, and tension between trippers can be charted on a graph against the quality of a drug experience. It gets a bit thick, even for the trade. Roland Fischer, a charming but totally opaque speaker at the Smithsonian conference, began lecturing on the "cartography" of altered consciousness, explaining with diagrams the progression from mild excitation through "hyperphrenia" and "catatonia" to "ecstasy" and around into "samadhi" and "zazen." As his exegesis became more ecstatic, the other panelists began falling out, each according to his own professional bent. Allan Rechtstaffen, the sleep expert, drifted off into Phase III Rapid Eye Movement slumber. Joe Kamiya, the biobackfeeder from San Francisco, folded his hands in a Zen posture, gently closed his eyes and appeared to be floating into some alpha-wave reverie. Fischer, however, was unmoved in his determination to "digitalize the analogs," as he said: to verbalize the non-verbal.

The final number in that set was produced by Jean Houston. She delivered a two-hour sermon, in unconscious parody of the early Marjoe Goertner, on the "crisis of consciousness" brewing in America, the gathering "ontological breakdown," the millenial revolution of mind—equivalent to the upheavals in the Second and Third Centuries, A.D. and salvageable only through an all-out "psychonaut" program designed to "put the first man on Earth."

As Houston whirled visions of Saint Teresa and Saint Catherine, and flung images of Jung, Blake and Goethe from her rostrum—always with some scientific, rationalist, academic referent to weight them down—I began to wonder at my own reactions to the material of the conference. Although by inclination and experience I was prepared to sympathize with Houston and Fischer and their "non-verbal" intuitions of non-ordinary consciousness, I found their obsessive "digitalization" of metaphors and analogs to be somehow absurd, perhaps dishonest and definitely oppressive. They seemed trapped in their Dr.-careers with its Dr.-peers, in the "scientific" conference with its medical orientation, in the Smithsonian Auditorium set up like a small hall at the U.N. where delegates to the World Health Organization discuss the prevalence of Schistosomiasis in the Sudan. During a break in the lectures, I remarked to Norman Tamarkin, a Washington psychiatrist who seemed to be running the show, that no one—on the panel or in the audience—had yet talked about his or her subjective experiences in an altered state of consciousness. Everything seemed distant and observed: "studies show this," "a patient reports that," "data confirms. . . ."

"Well," Tamarkin replied earnestly, dropping his head so close to mine that his fresh Acapulco suntan almost rubbed off on my turtleneck, "I could talk about my own first psilocybin trip, which was quite important to me, but it would be boring."

All things considered, the Smithsonian conference was most notable for its *acceptance* of consciousness-alteration as a valid issue, even if the weekend was a bit stuffy and the panel somewhat timid. The new politics of drugs—of studying and thinking about drugs—is not explicitly radical; its does not yet involve serious discussions about the ways "setting" can be changed to alter radically the meaning of drug experiences.

But there are stirrings in that direction. A new study by John Helmer, a Harvard sociologist, relates the widespread "epidemic" of heroin use to factors in the labor market, exacerbated by racism. Helmer says that despite the sensationalist stories of junkies in suburbia, heroin addiction is overwhelmingly a lower-class phenomenon and has always been so. Furthermore, Helmer argues, heroin may be a fairly reasonable way for poor black or white kids to deal with the world—as addicts or dealers. (A Senate committee researcher at the Smithsonian conference told about interviews he had made with GI heroin addicts back from Vietnam: soldiers recounted tales of the pain and horror they felt confronting death and mutilation all around them, with heroin an available antidote. Significantly, heroin use among GIs in Thailand—where the drug is readily available—is extremely low.)

This year's popular drug topic is the endemic use of downers and sopors (barbiturates, tranquilizers) among white working class youths. The "problem" is still attacked as one of education, of individual counseling and guidance, of cleanup and fixup in the white slums and housing projects where downers are prevalent. The forces which a few years ago would consider only control and abolition of drugs have abandoned that tack. Edward Brecher, the author of the Consumers Union's detailed and definitive social history of drugs, called "Licit and Illicit Drugs," showed that barbiturates are virtually indistinguishable from alcohol in their physiological and addictive effect. In fact, there is "cross addiction" between downers and booze, and if you need a drink bad for the DTs a barb will do as well (and vice-versa). With that kind of information, it's hard to take an ideological position against one drug and not the other; in fact, it's hard to take an ideological position against one drug and not all, and it is true that there are very few selective ideologues around these days.

At least the lines are getting clearer on that score: "We've reached the point," the wise and wierd Dr. Humphrey Osmond says, "where it's not the drugs that people fear—it's the highs." ■

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THE ALMANAC

by Derek Shearer

Although American Documentary Films—once the Movement's largest distributor of political films—folded recently, there are still a number of organizations which distribute films of interest to people concerned with social change.

- **Tricontinental Film Center,** 244 West 27th St. New York, N.Y. 10001, (212) 989-3330. Films about the Third World—features as well as documentaries. Obtaining additional films from American Documentary. Free catalogue.
- **New Day Films,** 267 W. 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10001, (212) 675-5330. Building up a selection of feminist films. Free catalogue.
- **Impact Films,** 144 Bleecker St. New York, N.Y. 10012, (212) 674-3375. List includes the Felix Greene and Edgar Snow films on China. Free catalogue.
- **Films for Social Change,** 5122 Waterman Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63108. Films on black liberation, the counterculture, and corporate irresponsibility. Free catalogue.
- **Newsreel,** 322 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001, (212) 564-4930. Films on women's liberation, the Movement, the Third World. Free catalogue.
- **American Freedom from Hunger Foundation,** 1717 H Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006, (202) 382-6772. Publishes a 44-page catalogue listing over 100 films and their distributors. About half deal with poverty and development in the U.S., and the other half with the Third World. Catalogue costs $1.50.
- **Association-Sterling Films,** 866 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 935-4210. Clearinghouse for corporate and other educational films. Lists and distributes hundreds of films. Has regional distribution offices in 11 State. Ask for free catalogue of "Free Loan Films."
- The **DC III Film Library** has a film called DC III made with **Vietnam Veterans Against the War.** The film is a 25 minute documentary on the Vietnam Vets' "limited incursion" into Washington, D.C. in Spring 1971—one of the high points of the antiwar movement. (Write: DC III Film Library, 267 West 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001, (212) 675-5330.)

The current issue of **Cinéaste,** a political film quarterly, is devoted to **radical American film.** In addition to feature articles, this excellent publication has film and book reviews and regular listings of important film festivals, symposiums, etc. Subscription rates: $3 per year; single copy, 75 cents. (Write: Cinéaste, 244 West 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10001. (212) 989-3330.)

Another new important film publication is **Women & Film,** published by a group of radical women who "are taking up the struggle with women's image in film and women's roles in the film industry." Published tri-annually. Subscriptions cost $2 a year; single copy, 75 cents. (Write: Women & Film, 2802 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica, Calif. 90404.)

Radio Free People, another Movement media group, sells radio tapes and cassettes. Their wide selection of recordings includes readings by radical poets, on-the-spot news reports, and important speeches and interviews. (For their free catalogue, write: Radio Free People, 133 Mercer St., New York, N.Y. 10012, (212) 966-6729.)

The Source Collective, mentioned in a previous column, last year produced a still-useful guide to "Communications," which includes detailed listings of publications and organizations in the areas of film, TV-video-radio, periodicals, and community communications. Copies are available at $1.75 each. (Write: Source, P.O. Box 21066, Washington, D.C. 20009, (202) 387-1145.)

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Many changes are occuring in the field of **education,** but it's sometimes difficult to make sense out of apparent chaos. If after having read such critics as John Holt, Paul Goodman or Jon Kozol, you still feel bewildered about what to do, read **School is Dead—Alternatives in Education** by **Everett Reimer.** Now available as a $1.95 Doubleday Anchor paperback, it is the clearest statement I've read about the sort of educational set-up we should strive to build.

In addition, a subscription to **Ed Centric,** a journal of **radical educational change,** will serve you well. Recent issues have included reports on Campus Free College, Los Angeles' Open Space Program, Communitas College, and other alternative approaches to education. Edcentric regularly lists new books, films, tapes, pamphlets, conferences and bibliographies. Recent contributors include China expert **William Hinton,** child psychologist **Robert Coles,** and **Jose Angel Gutierrez,** founder of **La Raza Unida Party.** Subscriptions cost $5 a year (8 issues); a sample copy, 60 cents. Recent special issues on **"Women in Education," "Drugs in Education,"** and **"Chicano Education"** are available for $1 each. (Write: Ed-Centric, P.O. Box 1802, Eugene, Oregon 97401, (503) 343-0810.)

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There is a growing movement to make science serve the public interest rather than the priorities of corporations and the military. Recently a small group of scientists established the **Center for Science in the Public Interest** in Washington, D.C. This non-profit, tax-exempt organization publishes a regular **newsletter** (a donation of $5 or more gives you a year's subscription) and **special reports** on such topics as the food industry, gasoline additives, and the highway lobby. The center also locates scientists for groups needing expert advice. (For more information write: CSPI, 1779 Church St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, (202) 332-6000.)

The largest and most active organization of politically oriented technical people is **SESPA—Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action.** SESPA has over 50 chapters in the U.S. and abroad, and publishes an informative magazine titled **Science for the People.** Regular membership in SESPA costs $10 a year or more, or less—according to what you can afford—and includes a subscription to the magazine. (Write: SESPA, 9 Walden Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass. 02130, (617) 427-0642.) ■

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS *magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

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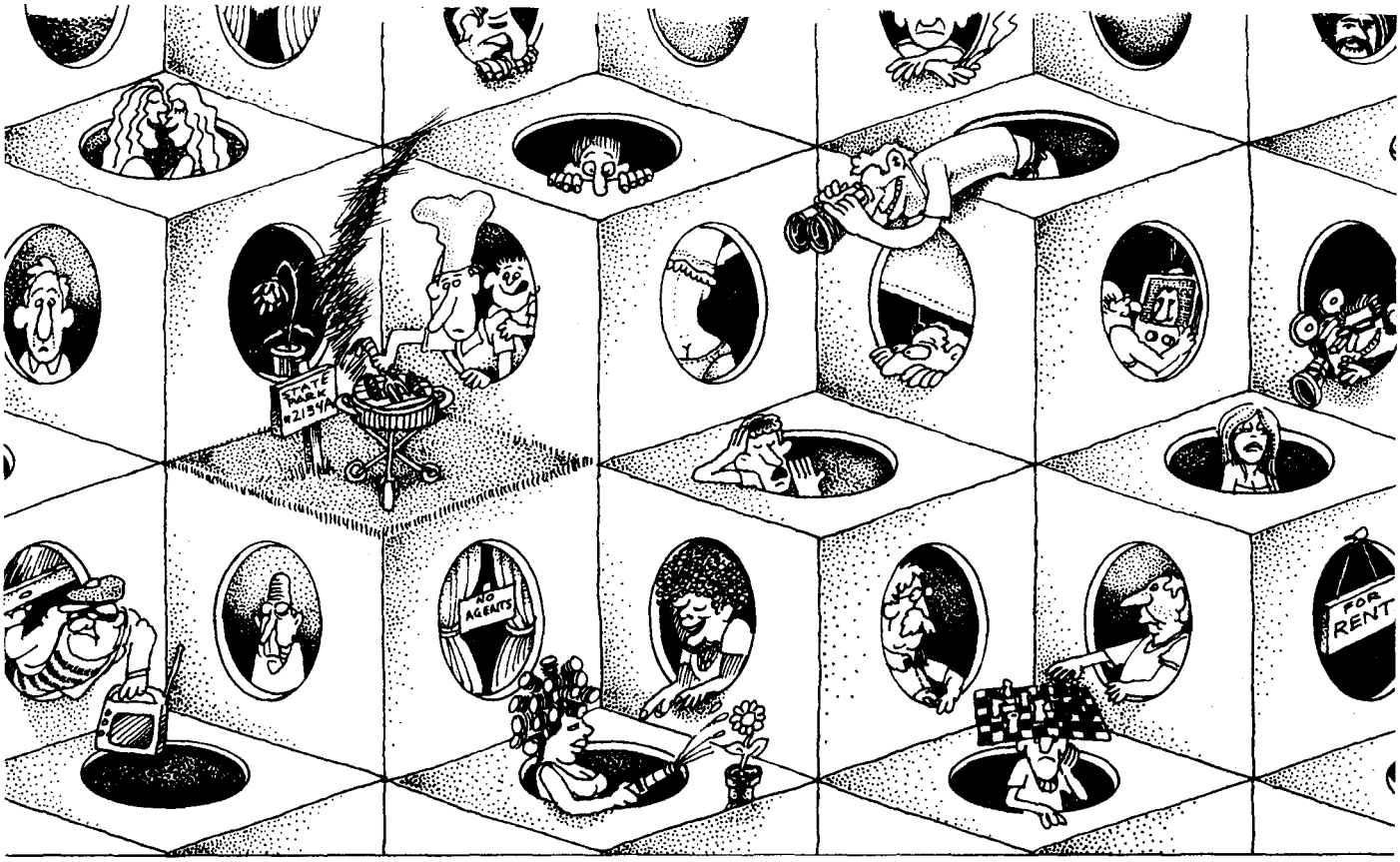

BRAVE, NEW CITIES

by Thomas Morton

Man and His Urban Environment: A Manual of Specific Considerations for the Seventies and Beyond, by Fred Smith and others. (64 pages, Nov., 1972)

Although the name Fred Smith seems lackluster enough, Laurence S. Rockefeller does not, and he is the one who sponsored the 150-man project behind this "manual" and wrote an introduction for it. It's the word Rockefeller, discretely placed, that strikes the eye. Actually, this is not a manual at all, as manual suggests "hands" and therefore something that most of us can use. The lowly earth dweller may purchase it for $2.00, but it is really the voice of corporate academia directed to federal compatriots from the high reaches of skyscraperdom. The message is most likely for Nixon and his bicentennial reign.

This manual (the result of nearly three years of selective brain picking in several countries) does not set out to solve major urban problems.

This beginning is disingenuous. One hundred and fifty international advisers and no solutions proffered? Are we to believe that in 1972 social analysts have become so irresolute? No, there actually is a game plan to solve the ugly ills of urban life. The task "calls for congruent planning, a growing together and a coordination of planning on all the major fronts that touch on human needs." The plan: create a city, a New Town pilot project, a total "management system . . . to work out the bugs" before going on to more totally conceived and engineered cities and finally "rescuing existing cities."

The apparent models for the pilot project are New Towns in Europe, and especially Britain, although the report does not analyze the strengths and weaknesses of such models. Nor do we see any consideration of what cities in the past approach the "liveable" conditions and criteria these planners seek. Consequently one has the sense of men striking out in frontier fashion with contemporary projections but little sense of history, and naturally one wonders this time around who stands to lose in such technological and social pioneering. The answer is probably all of us.

The American version of the New Town would, roughly outlined, 1) Set up a non-profit Public Corporation (in the report's Madisonese, "We might go down the Public Corporation route") having the power to condemn and acquire land, issue bonds and finance construction of a New Town. Its initial Board of Directors (the "we" above) would include friendly appointees by Nixon and the planners, technocrats, lawyers and appropriate big businessmen close to the drawing board. Once the town is stocked with about 150,000 franchised citizens (which will take more than a decade), the Board will become the town's permanent "Management Group" presumably controlled by local government. 2) With $75 million federal seed money, purchase 21,500 acres (about $3500/acre) around a rapidly growing host city, like Atlanta. Sixty-five hundred acres would be set aside as greenbelt open space with the remaining 15,000 acres revalued at $20,000/acre and leased for residential purposes in economically stratified neighborhoods and for industrial and commercial use. A fundamental position

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUECKE

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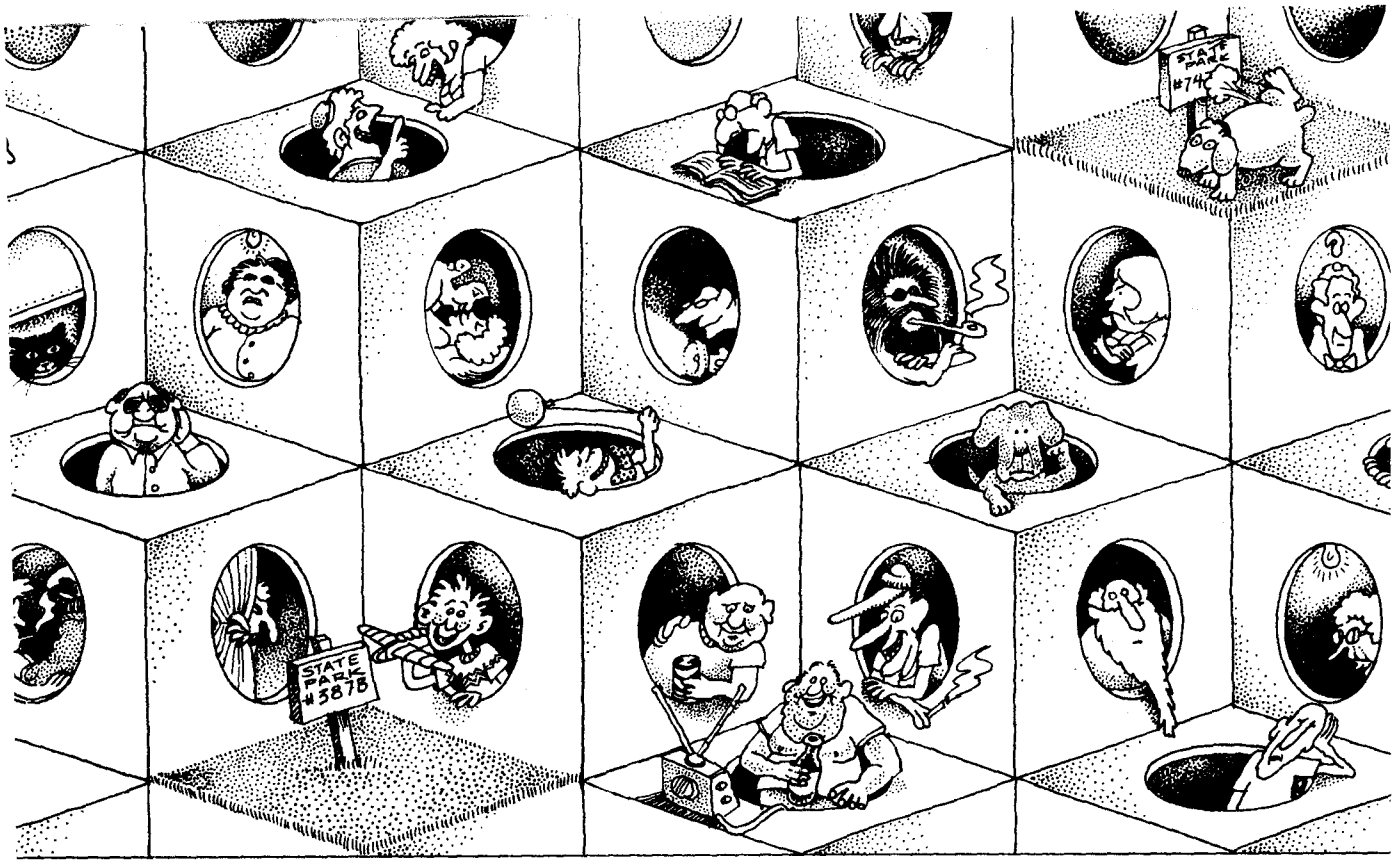

here, and interestingly one sanctioned by land reformers, is that the land must not be speculated on and that long-term leasehold for appropriate conforming use take the place of real estate speculation and insecure lease arrangements. 3) With other federal and state grants plus bond issues and private borrowing, build or finance a complete self-contained service center "where power is generated, sewage and solid waste processed, and water, gas and telephone systems are centralized," as well as educational, medical, and government facilities. 4) Because of the relatively easy money theoretically to be had from federal and state governments in addition to bond issues, entice corporations to locate in a spacious 2700-acre industrial park and encourage private construction in the dozen or so "villages" clustered around greenspace and public transportation lines. One imagines developers and industrialists will leap at the opportunity to build in an environment largely subsidized by the taxpayer.

Who will complain about this strategy for ending our urban ills? Certainly not the master planners and social scientists who now have the long-awaited opportunity to work out final solutions in a closed and controlled laboratory. Nor the technocrats and industrialists who will delight in the possibility for increased markets for advanced technology in the service industry, which this growth-oriented reports says we must have along with "substantial consumption" and "continuous growth of production facilities." Nor the taxpayer who will be easily persuaded to surrender a few more nickels for "practical" alternatives to programs which presently have little to show. Nor the ghetto residents from the host city who will be moved into a more attractive setting with some hope of meaningful employment. Nor the middle- and upper-income residents who will find a peacefully car-less, nearly crimeless, comfortably materialistic environment with just enough greenspace to gaze on. And finally, certainly not the political administrations which will welcome the opportunity for rhetoric about "far-sighted goals" and "building a new nation" and for creating an environment more amenable to social control than the urban cauldron of today.

Yet the report is careful not to appear too self-confident and blasé. Throughout, there are hints of an understanding that fundamental philosophical issues have, if only by accident, been raised. The discussion is studded with phrases like "a workable Social Contract," "humanistic requirements," and "the nature of man." The authors want to assure us that human potential will flourish in the New Town. Yet the more they focus on the question of man's nature in order to determine how cities ought to conform to man, the more one realizes how thoroughly cynical these planners are. For in the final analysis, it is a brave new town envisaged here where ideals are suspect and individual freedom incompatible with the scientifically-engineered and trouble-free society.

There are moments at which the velvet glove slips a bit and we see the iron fist beneath the casual talk about philosophy. We are told at one point "contrary to our finest rhetorical traditions, we are not all born equal"; and, later, "our systems of justice are clearly founded upon the mistaken idea that democracy produces equality." What is disturbing here, aside from the linguistic legerdemain, is the ease with which a principle of faith in the equality of human worth can be glibly twisted into the merely literal in order to mask a theory of inequality. People are not born with the same

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degree of intelligence, strength, wealth, and so on. But to imply that Jefferson was denying that fact is absurd, until one realizes to what ends "not all born equal" is being put. Historically, the ends are always those of a theory of superiority: insuring a class system and a system of social justice that defends the inequality of classes. It follows that the authors see urban society as "inevitably stratified" and perpetuate stratification in a New Town housing plan which relies on low-middle-high-luxury income distinctions. Further, they suggest that "perhaps justice itself needs a new definition for our time and our condition." Discretely, they do not articulate this new definition, yet it is clear that the justice of the New Town would not get caught up in what the authors must see as liberal shibboleth.

In another revelation, we learn that man's nature is not *homo sapiens,* nor *ludens,* nor *amorans,* nor *symbolicans,* but *homo possidens.* And "the unextinguishable human instinct" to possess is directed not towards knowledge or love but towards materialism and the good life. The definition defines the definer. So throughout the report idealists, "extremists", and those who oppose "over-consumption" are maligned ignorantly and distastefully.

It is said, for example, that

for every Henry David Thoreau who enjoys living alone in a shed beside a pond, contemplating the infinite wisdom of nature, there are tens of millions who must by some secret but inescapable evolutionary command rub shoulders with their fellow men. . . .

Aside from the unclever ploy of invoking an "evolutionary command" to let corporate industrialism off the hook for its role in building our unliveable cities and, for example, driving 2000 small farmers per week for the last 20 years off the land and into those cities, the insult to Thoreau is outrageous. The point of course is that Thoreau was neither a hermit nor a misanthrope. The most consciously civilized of men, after two years by the pond Thoreau went back to town. But having learned "to live deliberately" he did so on his own terms, not the terms of social architects.

The report states (in the form of a rhetorical question) that no one "has really researched and attempted to modify, in fundamental ways, the nature of his living environment," implying that it's about time "we" did. Yet clearly someone has: Thoreau and numerous others before and since. But for the authors the notion that idealism may lead to newer forms of realism is untenable. It might run a collision course with values that presently hamstring American society and this report: unchecked production, unprecedented rates of consumption, increasing dependence on technological "solutions," and technocratic masterplanning.

The point they miss here is that our ideals (the report talks of "wants") are not, at the highest level of human activity, in conflict with our realistic needs. On the contrary, they help to shape our needs and educate an awareness of how much of what we have come to accept as necessary is in reality superfluous. Consequently, healthy idealism is bound to run a collision course with corporate expansionism. That is why this report takes the position that: " 'Needs' are fundamental. 'Wants' are embellishments which in the contemporary scene misdirect far too much effort." This is not a "let them eat stale bread" attitude but a creully sophisticated notion that when the material necessities are provided the shouting about individual liberty and freedom from manipulation and corporate oppression will cease. With unknowing brutal cynicism, the authors quote approvingly: "Impinge upon a man's personal freedoms, and you will have an argument; steal his purse and you will have a fight." For this report the complement would seem to be: "fill a man's purse with any coin and you will have neither a fight nor an argument." Nor, one realizes, a vital community either in the "steady state" herein advocated. In spite of rhetoric about flexibility and "regenerative systems," a plan so master-minded is purposely antithetical to the open, self-generated community.

We must question why a city can't be created like any other work of man, with a long-range plan, clear objectives, a workable program for implementation, and a point at which the community would be finished, completely done.

Precisely. Community forever finished.

DAYS IN SOLITARY

(From page 34)

weaknesses. In the spring of 1970, prior to my first parole hearing, I was summoned to the prison psychiatrist for an evaluation. From the minute I entered his office I made my position clear. I told him that I had no faith or confidence in psychiatric tests because they were not designed to relate to the culture of the poor and oppressed people. I was willing to talk with him, I said, but I would not submit to any testing. As we talked, he started running games on me. For instance, in the midst of our conversation he would try to sneak in psychological questions such as "Do you feel people are persecuting you?" Each time he did this I told him I would not submit to any sort of testing, and if he persisted I was going to leave the room. The psychiatrist insisted that I had a bias against psychological testing. He was correct. In response to this I showed him flaws in the psychological systems of Freud, Jung, Skinner, and others that made these systems inapplicable to black people. When he asked me whether there was any psychological system that I could trust, I told him I accepted the theories of Frantz Fanon. He had never heard of him, so I suggested some books by Fanon that he could read, and left.

Their psychological warfare got them nowhere. My counselor, a man named Topper, held a pre-board hearing with me and tried to get me to come off lock-up; I refused. Topper had told me earlier that he was glad I was on lock-up and he wanted me to stay there, but in the preboard hearing he switched his tactics and strongly hinted that if I came off lock-up I would almost certainly be given a parole date by the board. I knew this was not true. He probably reasoned that if I came off lock-up and the board did not give me a parole date then I would lose status in the eyes of the other inmates. This was very important to the prison, because it would undermine my position. On the other hand, they could work out their strategy from another angle. I could have been given a date if I remained on lock-up. Then they could say that a date for my release had been established but they would not be able to

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honor it because I refused to cooperate with them. This would make the public think that I was blocking my own release. They were trying to steal my only weapon against them—my dignity.

I knew from other sources that Deputy Superintendent McCarthy had told people that he thought my demand for a minimum wage in prison was reasonable. Yet neither he nor Topper had the courage to state their feelings publicly. Like so many other administrators they went along with the system. It just took too much courage to take a stand for prisoners' rights. They were unimaginative, mediocre, and fearful men. It was no coincidence that they had chosen to work in prisons; they blended right in with the grey dullness and impersonality of institutional life.

I finally went before the parole board in April, 1970, and even though I did not expect anything from them I looked forward to the chance for debate and opportunity to show my contempt for their system. Seven or eight board members sat with me around a table, talking casually and drinking coffee. One of the first things they asked me about were the violation reports in my folder, which said I had contraband in my cell. I asked them if they knew what the nature of the contraband was, and it turned out they had not looked closely enough to see. When they read the violation reports in full, they were surprised to find that the so-called contraband was soap, deodorant, and toilet articles from the canteen, which had been passed on to me by other inmates. I told them I refused to do without certain basic amenities and that I would continue to obtain them. They ordered the guards to allow toilet articles in my cell. This was a small but sweet victory.

Then we got into the heavy things—the reasons for my refusal to work, et cetera. I was ready for them. But when I gave my explanation, they replied that I wanted to pick and choose the rules I would obey and that this was a very arbitrary attitude. I responded by expressing a total lack of faith in the penal system and the parole board and let them know that I did not expect parole then or any other time. I told them I was willing to obey rules I disagreed with, but I would never obey rules that denied my dignity as a human being. Furthermore, I urged them to disobey those rules that violated *their* integrity and dignity. One of the board members, a Negro, was so shocked that he expressed doubt about my sanity. This is a good example of the mentality controlling prisons across the land, one so narrow that it regards human dignity and strength of character as abnormal.

After that hearing I resolved never to go before a parole hearing again, even though my attorneys advised against this.

The prisons definitely need to be transformed, but this cannot be accomplished in a vacuum or by random incidents. Prisons are an integral part of a complex whole that can be defined as the American institutional superstructure of the world. I say the world because the United States is an empire, not a nation, and the way prisoners and minorities are treated here has a definite correlation to the way the American power structure treats people around the world. The world must become a place in which poor and oppressed people can live in peace and with dignity. If we still need prisons after that transformation, they must be true rehabilitation centers rather than concentration camps. In the new society the centers would not be called prisons or penal institutions and they would not be ancient rock fortresses in inaccessible areas. They would be an important part of the community, in which people who are not well or who are unhappy would still be made to feel that they are part of humanity. Most of the men in prison have been made to feel superfluous from birth. James Baldwin has pointed out that the United States does not know what to do with its black population now that they "are no longer a source of wealth, are no longer to be bought and sold and bred, like cattle." This country especially does not know what to do with its young black men. "It is not at all accidental," he says, "that the jails and the army and the needle claim so many...." ■

Excerpted from Revolutionary Suicide, *by Huey P. Newton, to be published this spring by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* *Copyright © 1973 Stronghold Consolidated Productions, Inc.*

ROGER LUBIN

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ARGENTINA

(From page 40)

warned that its coverage for newspapers within the country had given too much notice to El Ejercito Revolucionario del Pueblo (ERP), the largest of the guerrilla organizations. The home of the agency director was bombed after the third or fourth phone call. "Not for anything we send abroad," he told me. "I understand Lanusse does not care what is said outside the country."

ERP, 12 of whose members were killed at Trelew, had come up often in conversations, but it was not until my last three days in Buenos Aires that I met someone connected with it. He was a young man who worked in a factory that produces parts for automobile industry—a *metalurgico,* as the Argentines say—and we struck up a conversation at a villa miseria. "And you have seen any guerrillas?" he asked. I shook my head, and he made a date to talk some more the next day.

This was obviously to be a test of my trustworthiness, but even so he proved willing to talk about himself. He was not a member of the ERP but of the Partido Revolucionario de los Trabajadores (PRT), the political party that directs the activities of ERP. The party members do engage in some "military" actions, but these are minor, he said, like painting slogans on walls at night, holding up policemen and taking their guns (so often that the police department no longer fines members who lose their guns), and holding factories captive for an hour at a time to distribute literature and give speeches. Alberto (we shall call him that) was 25 and at age 14 first became active with young Communists in his hometown. But after leaving for other revolutionary groups at 18, he became convinced that a revolutionary party must be engaged in both military activity and organization of the mass of people. After a time he made contact with PRT—a revolutionary party on this model, which both directs ERP in military actions and works clandistinely in the factories to wrest union leadership from the old Peronista leaders. He confirmed what I had heard from others, that in the last year whenever a trade union election is held, the workers, though faithful to Peron, will vote for the Left slate.

Alberto brought me copies of a leaflet denouncing Peron for returning not to fight "the enemy" but to hold a dialogue with the military dictatorship. He also gave me copies of *Estrella Roja,* a newspaper they publish every two months. By and large the publication consists of a calendar of events for the previous two months. Since PRT wants to unite all guerrilla groups into one army, the calendar scrupulously gives credit to the guerrilla groups responsible for each action. Take August, the last month they reported. There were 35 actions—some as mild as organizing protest marches, others bank robberies, jail breaks, burning of police cars, bombing of truck companies that had announced increases in food transportation costs. When I met Alberto the second time, a new party member had just reported to him on his early morning action; he and two others had held meetings on the trains that workers take to the center of the city to work. They had distributed their paper and given speeches. "But the new comrade is a timid person," he said laughing. "He felt very bad that he had not ended with leading the people in cheers for ERP."

Alberto had hoped that he could have brought an important member of ERP to our third meeting, but he instead brought the message that such a conference would take more than a week to prepare. I would then have to allow 24 hours for the meeting, and would be driven blindfolded to one of their headquarters and just as carefully returned to Buenos Aires. I could not, and instead wrote out some questions he said he would get them to answer in writing—"in the carbon copy so the typewriter cannot be traced." A few hours before my plane the next day, Alberto told me that the command of ERP was very excited about my being there. If I stayed, they promised a meeting with them and also "something very important for a newspaperman. We will take you to the hiding place where we have kidnapped the Englishman—you can talk to him and take pictures."

The Englishman was Ronald Grove, head of a British company in Argentina, now retired. The news of his kidnapping was vague in the press; a London paper had heard of his disappearance first and no one seemed to know anything about the circumstances, except that his ransom was being negotiated with the company's home office in England. Alberto told me that ERP was holding Grove and asking for one million dollars. ERP's object was not simply the ransom money, though that was welcome, but they hoped also to put Peron on the spot. In statements before he returned, and in a long speech to the Third World priests in Buenos Aires, Peron had posed as an anti-imperialist and had directed his main fire at American capitalists with investments in Argentina. Most skeptics had told me that this rhetoric was but prelude, should he or his party gain power, to introduce European capital investment; as proof, I was told that Fiat had financed his roundabout trip home.

For many reasons, not the least of which was a fear that I might compromise friends who knew nothing of my meetings with Alberto, I could not stay for the adventure he proposed. We parted reluctantly. "It is terrible to say goodbye," he said. "Frondizi's nephew [killed in a guerrilla action] was my friend and, after we parted, the next time I saw him was that bloody picture in the newspapers when he was as yet unidentified." I asked him, "Why do you do this?" He stopped a moment. "The greatest thing in my life is socialism." He saw that I considered this a distant possibility. "It would be foolish to put a date on it, but I believe that in ten to fifteen years my country will be socialist."

The ERP's eagerness to meet with me, an American, provided an interesting contrast to Peron's refusal through a Left "ideologue" of his, Rodolfo Puiggros. An interview was pondered for two days and then refused on the pretext that such a meeting—with someone from the *New York Times*—would anger the young Turks in the movement. This came as a surprise to me, because Puiggros should certainly know their temper and the interview had been his suggestion. Puiggros, like other men I met of Frondizi's party and the Radical

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Party, are fascinating examples of men who have grown old in politics and not made a penny from it. Almost all have gone through the school, as they put it, of the Communist Party. Some fought in the Luis Carlos Prestes Column in Brazil in the early '30s or in the International Brigade for the Spanish Republic. They live in modest, lower-middle-class apartments, write books, statements for their leaders, platforms for their party, and believe they are influencing the political line. Power eludes them, but they are, after all, fighting for the good cause.

Puiggros has a younger brother, Oscar, who is minister of social welfare in the generals' government. I went to see him out of curiousity about the militarists' approach to social welfare. What a contrast with Rodolfo Puiggros' little cubicle of a study off the kitchen. The Ministry's offices are so spacious and splendid that they were more appropriate to the foreign office of a 19th century state eager to impress foreign diplomats Aides remained with him throughout our talk and he asked, before he turned on a tape recorder, that I give him a rundown of the questions I would ask. Puiggros the Younger feels that the Ministry's problems dealing with poverty and health have stemmed largely from a lack of continuity in administration. The formal replies over, I said that I had heard that government functionaries and opposition members always come from the same milieu, even the same family, as in his case. It was the only question he answered with heat. He insisted that there is greater social mobility in Argentina than in any Latin American country, and he listed the leaders who came from various immigrant backgrounds. "Why, Lanusse himself is only third generation!" he concluded.

I was not entirely convinced—if only because during the present fever of political activity, all candidates coming forward for the March elections are people who were on stage 25 years ago. There are no new names. Symbolic, I thought, of the kind of stasis the country has been in for so many years; no matter that allegiances have shifted from one party or leader to another. I tried out this theory on Rogelio Garcia Lupo, a political writer of the reputation of, say, I. F. Stone. He enjoyed it, but more symbolic of the nation's real stagnation, he said, is the meat industry. "It is *our* basic industry," he explained, "and yet the number of heads of cattle in 1889 is almost the same as today. I will show you a practical example of this—the largest slaughterhouse in the country, built to supply all of Buenos Aires in 1928."

I might have begun this article not with the jacarandas and the beauty of Buenos Aires but with the Argentines' passion for meat. "We are a people who if we cannot buy meat are at a total loss for how to feed ourselves," Garcia Lupo said. You have only to eat an *asado* with them to learn that they are technologists of the cow, happy to drop all other subjects to talk about the different cuts and the relative value of their many sausages. "I ate testicles for the first time last week!" an American lady said gleefully to me; she was an enthusiastic convert to the asado after a few months in Buenos Aires.

We went one afternoon to the slaughterhouse, in a section of the city called Nueva Chicago. It stands as a monument to nationalist politicians who tried to stimulate the industry which was always controlled by the olgiarchy of absentee landlords who spent most of their time in Europe, and made Buenos Aires into a European city. One of them, Lisandro de la Torre, became interested in his family's lands and began to fight U.S. meat interests that were holding back the growth of their industry. In 1938 he committed suicide in despair. The slaughterhouse is now named after him.

They were "processing" 300 animals an hour that day, working only one shift and not using all the belt lines. The corrals behind the slaughterhouse were empty; occasionally a gaucho on horseback led a small herd down the cobbled streets. As the cattle reached a ramp, a blow of a sledge hammer awaited them. I remembered James Agee's story of the cow who escaped to warn others but was unable to convince them. It is a terrifying story and suggestive of the power of fascism over men's minds. Life doesn't have the force of fiction.

We sat down after the tour to drink and chat with the manager in the executives' commissary, and learned that he was an independent businessman, one of ten *matarifes* who had recently begun to run the slaughterhouse for the cattle raisers. Matarifes are meat dealers, not aristocratic landlords, and this one, Adolfo Soriano, is the third generation in the business. He and his colleagues have been in charge of the slaughterhouse for 11 months and have yet to make a profit. It has run at a deficit for many years. Why? "The cattle raisers are gentlemen," Soriano said, "not industrialists."

Garcia Lupo added, "When you consider that the ministry in charge or the Economic Ministry has always been headed by shareholders or people in the employ of Swift-Armour, you can imagine what neglect our industry has suffered."

I looked at Soriano and he nodded.

"Krieger Vacenas, economic minister under Ongania in 1966, became head, when he quit, of Swift-Armour's interests in all of Latin America," Garcia Lupo said, playing his strongest card.

El Pibe the money changer and I got together for drinks at his favorite bar just before I left Buenos Aires. I asked him whom he was voting for in March.

He laughed. "In this country we are even authoritarian about voting, on the few occasions when we are allowed. You are not forced to the polls but there are many times when it is important to show that you have voted. So we all vote. Many people put in a blank ballot, as Peronistas have done during the last 17 years. And the blank votes are counted not disqualified. They carry a certain political weight. I don't want that. I am going to write across mine, *All these men are sons of bitches.* I want my vote disqualified!" ■

As we go to press, the military dictator of Argentina, Alejandro Lanusse, has indicated that the Peronist candidate, Hector Campora, is the victor in the March presidential elections. Campora, a 64-year-old dentist, campaigned on the slogan "Campora to government—Peron to power." He will take office on May 25. What change the Peronist government will bring to Argentina remains to be seen.

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SELLING JESUS

(From page 28)

bumper stickers, Prayer-a-Gram leaflets, etc. For big cities, there's more of the same for $34.50.

Beyond such grass-roots, door-to-door work, Key 73 planners push the need for exposure in local newspapers. Toward that end they prepared a 45-page booklet of canned "articles and news releases." The latter contain blank space for local date and places, and helpful hints like the following:

> *The above news article can be adapted for use at various times throughout Phase One. If the local newspaper does not use it in late November, rewrite it with emphasis on Section 2 (noon prayer activities) and resubmit it again. Likewise, an article might be appropriate for the Launch Weekend. Personalize the above material for your local situation.*

But let there be no misunderstanding here. The press releases and "news stories" make it perfectly clear where Key 73 is coming from, and where it intends to take us as a nation. For example:

- *The cup of God's patience may finally be filled to the brim with rebellion, immorality, and disobedience of man. . . . If Christians will turn from apathy, indifference and the sin of self-satisfied pride, God will hear from heaven and "heal their land."*
- *A huge portion of our continent has flagrantly repudiated the Word of God, choosing rather to feed on the impoverished ideas of humanism and relativism. . . .*
- *The 40 million children in America without any formal church instruction, and the growing number of* pagan *adults are all subjects who need to be called to the word of God.*

In addition, radio is recommended "to those interested in reaching large audiences, particularly teenagers and housewives." The book also tells how to make a good appearance on TV talk shows, by "occasionally looking from your host, straight into the camera. This brings you much nearer to your audiences because it gives the impression that you are including them in the conversation. . . ."

About press releases, the book warns,

> *Most times the editor will rewrite the release to suit himself. This is standard practice, and you should never feel miffed that he "tampered" with your prose. This rewritten material will tend to be of a more skeptical tone. This again is routine. . . . [In writing releases] stick to the things that the editor will accept as facts. This is called objectivity in the mass media. . . .*

[CHRISTIAN CRITICS]

The message of this medium is clear: it is the message of corporate America. Run Jesus up the flagpole and see who salutes. It is a well-heeled, well-orchestrated cam-

paign to sell Christ to the American people in hopes that He will fill the emptiness in their lives and provide them with a new sense of purpose. You are, as they say, as young as you feel. It is no backwoods, radical right, bible-thumping revival. In fact, the initiators of Key 73 have been far more solicitous of their liberal brethren than of the so-called separatists like Billy James Hargis and Bob Jones, Jr. As a result, they have succeeded in broadening their original, conservative base to include some liberal representation, notably the United Methodist Church and the American Baptist Convention.

The latter justify their participation in Key 73 by emphasizing different aspects of the overall theme, and urging local churches to "do their own thing." According to the Methodists, "Some churches will choose to distribute bibles, some will hold lay witness missions and revivals, and some will choose to witness through militant confrontation of the evils of society." Initially, the UMC suggests that local groups focus on "the particular issues that afflict the community."

The 1.3 million member American Baptist Convention is committed to social action under the Key 73 banner. In the words of Atha J. Bough, its representative on the Key 73 executive board, "The mission of the Church today is to live in the world in such a way as to be a constant deterrent to the misuse of our technology, our corporate strength, and as a constant witness against racism and war."

"Key 73," says Jitsuo Morikawa, the ABC's Key 73 director, "is the occasion to repent the awful apostasy of the church whoring after . . . gods in the image of General Motors and Wall Street, Cape Canaveral and the Pentagon. . . ." In an interview, he added, "We feel our involvement with the various kinds of churches in Key 73 is a new and significant event. Previously, there was cooperation only with churches in the ecumenical movement. We think this large ecumenicity very significant."

Be that as it may, Morikawa's report to the ABC national staff council acknowledged Key 73's "low credibility, unimpressive credentials, lack in stature, with some marks here and there of the reappearance of 19th century revivalism, without its power and vitality." He also admitted, in the interview, some apprehension about the Key 73 leadership.

It is an apprehension he shares with the so-called Right opposition of separatists like Bob Jones, Jr., who runs Billy Graham's alma mater. Being in Key 73 with the liberals is like trucking with the Devil, Jones thinks. In a letter to *Christianity Today*, he wrote that Key 73 amounted to "compromise with infidelity, cultism, Roman Catholicism, and apostasy." What its promoters like to call the greatest evangelical "thrust" in history has, ironically, also failed to gain the endorsement of the National Association of Evangelicals.

More significant criticism has come from groups like the United Presbyterian Church of the U.S.A., whose

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Council of Evangelism found an "autocratic style of decision-making" by the Key 73 executive committee "distressing and out of keeping with our tradition." It also expressed a "major concern" with Key 73's "use of all public media . . . at the national level . . . as representing American Protestantism." Finally, the Council said it was "gravely concerned over . . . a possibility of the national emphases of Key 73 equating the concerns and commitments of the Church with those of the state. . . ."

Summed up George Peters, chief executive of the Presbyterian Church's evangelism staff:

> *We thought there were just too many booby-traps in it. . . . The Key 73 people made the claim each denomination can do whatever it wants to do, but the emphases are on bible reading, prayer, study-groups--each fine in its own place, but it tends to be personalistic and pietistic instead of world-oriented. You withdraw from society: The end of the world is coming, everything is so bad that the only thing is for Jesus to come and end the whole thing. . . .*

Along similar lines, the United Church of Christ Board of Home Missions (UCCBHM) refused to associate with Key 73. "An evangelism that calls our nation to repentence cannot ignore the monstrous problems of war, racial injustice, poverty or powerlessness, nor mute the word of judgment on forces that cause them," says the UCCBHM statement adopted last November. "Moreover, we are troubled by the eagerness of Key 73 to seek approval and support from the very powers that should be called to accountability."

To Gabriel Fackre, a theology professor at the Andover Newton School and a consultant to UCCBHM, Key 73 is a "real attempt to [carry off] a planned civil religion trip." Key 73, he says, began with a

> *constituency basically conservative politically, upset by the visionary movement for social change and looking for ways to combat it. Subsequently, Key 73 became more broad-based, virtually accredited by the powers that be. . . . But the mainline responsible people in this are very leary. . . .*

[FLAG AND CROSS]

In 19th century America, evangelists were in the forefront of movements for change. They preached the Social Gospel, and they practiced it. They ran social welfare agencies for new immigrant, also schools, industrial institutes, orphanages, employment bureaus. Their activity was heavily concentrated in the ghettos. But it was more than bandaid do-gooder stuff. Nineteenth century evangelism was also into political movements for the right to organize and strike, abolition of child labor, women's equality. In turn, populist politics borrowed heavily from religion (witness William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold").

In what has since been tagged The Great Reversal, evangelists abandoned the Social Gospel in the early part of the 20th century. (Bryan, in a political version of this turnabout, wound up defending Prohibition, refusing to denounce the KKK, and participating in the Scopes monkey trial on behalf of the literal Bible.) Although Billy Graham and a few others now give lip service to the notion that "proclamation and demonstration" of the Gospel are inseparable--an important concept of 19th century evangelism--it is clear that they remain committed to the Great Reversal. They are in agreement with Key 73 founder Carl Henry, who wrote last September, "There are confused ecclesiastics who think evangelism is politics. . . . Those who rallied to Key 73 decided to keep the proclamation of the evangel at the center of the first nationwide effort. . . . There is but one way to blast open an obdurate social consciousness, and that is to permeate it with the Holy Spirit."

This political passivity, in the name of Christ, just happens to fit beautifully with Nixon's game plan. "The Protestant ethic has not produced a whole and humane society," says the United Church of Christ. But to Nixon, and the leaders of Key 73, there is no other way. There is only One Way.

On NBC's Today Show one morning, Nixon told Barbara Walters that the "fundamental cause" for the unrest and protest was not war, poverty or prejudice but "a sense of insecurity that comes from the old values being

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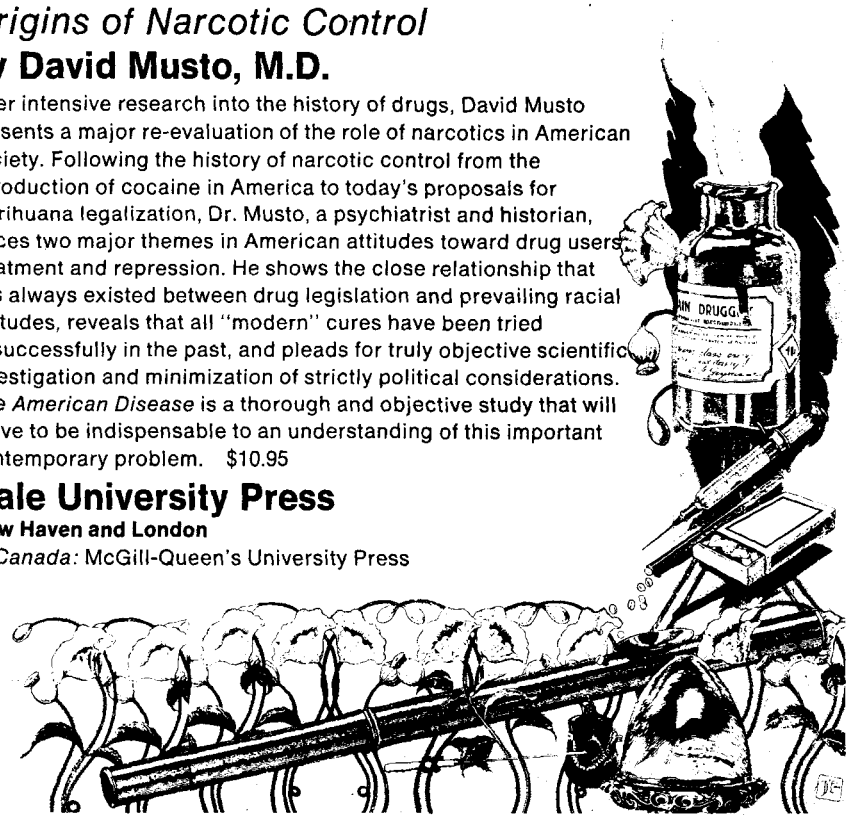

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torn away." He attributed the ferment to the lessened influence of church and family. It was a page, again, from Billy Graham's remarks at the first inaugural that "a whirlwind of crime, division and rebellion" had resulted from America attempting to solve its problems without turning to God.

"If patriotism and piety are inseparable attitudes, as they seem to be for President Nixon," writes Charles P. Henderson, assistant chaplain at Princeton, "then religion can only be a bastion of establishment ideas."

"We can't have an 'established' religion in America. The Constitution explicitly forbids it," writes UPI religion reporter Louis Cassels. "But under President Nixon a certain type of evangelical Protestantism has gone about as far as it's possible to go toward achieving official establishment."

"I don't think everything in America is hopeless, as some people seem to believe," Billy Graham told White House worshippers in the spring of 1970. "Our moral and spiritual sickness can be cured. If we could have a revival of genuine faith in God and a return to moral principles, if we could say individually, 'The Lord is our shepherd,' I believe the American people could be brought together. I don't think there is any question that divides us that couldn't be vanquished in the heat of a great spiritual awakening, renewal and revival."

Four months later, Billy Graham was national co-chairman of Honor America Day.

In 1973, Protestant evangelism is still keeping the faith and Billy Graham is the President's minister now more than ever. Implored by liberal clergy to use his influence with Nixon and end the war sooner, Graham spoke for the new mod old-time religion, which is being cleverly packaged in Key 73. "While some interpret an evangelist to be primarily a social reformer or political activist, I do not," he said. "An evangelist is a proclaimer of the message of God's grace and love in Jesus Christ and the necessity of repentence and faith."

So, despite the cosmetics, the veneer of social concern and the ambiguous rhetoric of Key 73, the message is the same. Win one for the Big Gipper. It's The American Way. ■

JIMMY THE GREEK

(From page 23)

"Oh, he loved it. He loved it. And he was a great gambler. There was one thing about H. L. He never denied that he played or that he won an oil lease to go into millions. But he would pick two or three games and I would pick two or three games every Saturday and we would see who would win."

"How much did you win from him over the years?"

"Well, it was all right but he'd win some years and I'd win some years. But he was good."

"Hold on. Let's go back," says the producer, Terry Jastrow.

"Can I make a suggestion?" asks the writer, Mickey Herskowitz. "Can we talk a minute. Let's just talk a minute to organize our questions."

"All right, all right," says Howard. Cosell smiles and pats Jimmy's knee. "I want you to come off good on this. It's been too meandering."

"This means an awful lot to me," Jimmy whispers.

Mickey, the writer, moves closer. "The other thing you gotta say about H. L. Hunt," says Mickey, "is his strength was the Southwest Conference, mine was the Southeast Conference. We used to bet and a lot of money changed hands and years later when Mr. Hunt was in his 80's, he met me again at a banquet, and the mind that he had, he said I don't know any Jimmy Snyder but I know a Jimmy the Greek and he was good in the Southeast Conference."

"That's good," says Howard.

"You gotta get that in," says Terry the producer.

"That's the anecdote we need," says Mike the writer who suggested it, "that and the Namath thing."

"As many times as you can get specific with details and exact numbers," says Terry the producer, "it brings a more realistic, more interesting feature to the show."

Jimmy looks up quickly. "You want me to tell them that I won a million six hundred thousand off of Hunt? My god almighty."

"Well, I think you can say how much money changed hands during a football season," Terry advises.

"Jimmy, I think you can just shrug it off and let people react the way

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they want to react. You don't have to say you won it from him or he won it from you," adds Mickey.

Jimmy shakes his head. "It wouldn't be right to him," he says.

"No," adds the producer, "but the way he handles it, it has the impact we want."

Mickey is smiling. "People will be sitting on the edge of their seats."

"Would they *believe* it?" Jimmy asks, almost as if he doesn't believe it himself.

"Oh, of course they'll believe it."

"The fact that we swapped for three hundred thousand dollars every Saturday? Holy smokes."

"They believe," Mickey the writer assured Jimmy, "the total amount of money first of all because of who H. L. Hunt is and secondly because you're sitting here talking to a national television audience. They have to assume this show has credibility."

"Are we ready guys?"

"I'm glad we stopped," said Howard. "I want Jimmy to come off good on this. It's been too meandering. Again, you see, you don't have adequate air time but there's nothing you can do. This is a man you can talk to in a Dick Cavett time period forever, you see."

Jimmy the Greek quit gambling in March 1962. When I first met the Greek four years ago, he was—as in years past—still laying the odds. But he was also starting up a public relations business. Sports Unlimited he called his outfit. His first and—at that time—only client was Howard Hughes. While working on the Hughes account, Jimmy did a creditable job. He lobbied successfully against resumption of high-megaton nuclear testing in Nevada and he worked hard on excluding dog-racing from the state, at Hughes' behest. The Hughes account, which included PR for the billionaire's hotels, brought Jimmy about $100,000 annually, but when Robert Maheu was fired as Hughes' chief executive, Jimmy was also fired.

Still, he could recognize a winning combination when he saw one. This was a blueprint for fame and fortune—the former through his odds-making, and the latter through his PR business. Now a good oddsmaker calls the shots on the nose, but an oddsmaker only draws notice when he calls the shots wrong. For Jimmy, the catalytic event was the 1969 Super Bowl game, when he picked Baltimore to beat the New York Jets by 17 points. The Jets won the game, and Jimmy was given the Bonehead of the Year Award by a publicity-minded civic club in Dallas, Texas. It made him famous overnight.

The renown that came with that wrong pick proved a boon to his career. It brought the news media to his door with requests for the odds on all sorts of events. They wanted to know the numbers for the Academy Awards, the chances of the maxi beating out the mini, the chances of the Burton-Taylor marriage lasting, California falling into the sea, even the Apollo moon shots. Jimmy gave even odds on the marriages but refused to set lines on life and death situations like the lunar flights.

Meanwhile, his public relations enterprise has prospered. He has picked up clients like *Time* magazine, Edge shaving cream, the Tropicana Hotel, Lums restaurants, Bigelow mobile homes, the Institutional Traders of Wall Street, Advertising Age, Columbus Shock Absorbers, and the Chevrolet dealers of Kansas City. He also has a sports column which is syndicated in more than 200 newspapers and a daily Mutual Broadcasting Company radio spot which airs on some 300 radio stations.

And now and then the Greek will still make a "wrong number." For example, in the Joe Frazier-George Foreman fight, he personally thought Foreman would win but established the odds in favor of Frazier by three to one. If he had put it the other way around, there would have been a flurry of betting, what he considers unrealistic wagering. Jimmy gave Frazier the odds despite the fact that (1) "we know he's not training as well as he should"; (2) he "gets high blood pressure when he's training"; and (3) "supposedly—I said supposedly now—he might not have been able to pass the California physical test."

"I mean," says Jimmy, "these are things that come into us. We know he's slow in getting started. He's overconfident about the fight. We know this too: this is a type of fighter that

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Frazier has to worry about because Foreman can hit like a mule and if he hits you, baby, you're gonna get hurt. So, now we made Frazier a three to one favorite. But let me tell you why. He's the champion. He's undefeated. In the eyes of the public he's also a favorite. Now, you've got to make the figure here so the public thinks it's right too." For future reference, Jimmy makes Foreman a two-and-a-half to one favorite in a rematch with Frazier, but makes Muhammad Ali a six to five favorite over Foreman.

(Joe the director shakes his head. Howard looks up from the sofa, a pained expression on his face. He has been interrupted. Jimmy, more confident now that the interview is almost over, smiles shyly. The Greek brings his hands together and twists the large ruby ring on his baby finger.)

"We ran out of film on the last question," says Joe the director. "It can't be helped. We're reloading. We were tight on Jimmy. I'd like to start now on the two-shot of you asking him if he was a millionaire."

"Our problem on this show is gonna be time," says Howard the star "because that's a fascinating interview."

"Yes, it is," says Mickey. "We're gonna be all right."

"We're not gonna have to cut much of that," says Joe. "I know how long it was. It was nine minutes."

"Take out all the political stuff," says Howard.

Jimmy's PR business has taken him around the world. A year ago it took him to Greece, where he hobnobbed with the Premier and his cabinet and suggested that the Greek junta let him handle their public relations in the U.S. In fact, Jimmy is very high on the current dictatorship. "We did a lot of research on them," says Jimmy. "We found out one thing. I'd say 95 percent of the people liked them. The economy of Greece has gone up tremendously. They're being trusted more and more every day. They did have a little problem the other day with the colleges, but, my god, we've got that. We have that here. What they kicked out of there, believe it or not, were a lot of Communists. Like Melina Mercouri, for instance, I mean, she's always beefing about it. Her father's a known Communist. Her husband is a known Communist.

"The premier's the number one guy. There's no question about that. And he's got committees and a parliament of his own. I couldn't find anything wrong with them. We talked about America and everything and one of the Premier's statements was 'Jimmy, we have been so pro-American. Our regime is so pro-America and we love America and we want to be connected with it and the bases are here and the sailors are here and everything and part of the Air Force and all that.' And he says, 'Why should they dislike our government?' And I said, 'All you gotta do is put it to a vote—somewhere along the line.' He says, 'We're gonna put it to a vote, as soon as we get a lot of these things done. Because when Greeks start voting, brothers start killing each other, and you know how the Greeks are,' which I do. But he says, 'In the last 169 years, Greeks have had 200 elections and what good did it do them?' Well, you know, I start to think about that for a second and, *hah-hah,* he had a very good point. So I said, 'You have a very good point. America has recognized small dictatorships before . . . they're doing well. Tito and Spain and other countries that we're doing business with and over a period of time everybody's forgotten that they've been under some sort of a dictatorship.'

"But Greece is a dictatorship to a certain extent but yet it isn't. It's for the people. I mean, these people are fighting for the people. Everywhere you go in Greece, in the islands, in the cities, in the little towns you see little signs on the coffee houses and tavernas saying 'Down with Communism.' Hey, I think we need Greece. I think we need a regime like this, I really do. I mean I researched it, talked to my cousins, my uncles, to successful businessmen, to shipowners and people that I've known and wouldn't lie to me. They could tell me in private conversations. We don't like these people. Then I could say okay, they're doing a bad job. They are not doing a bad job. They're doing a good job. The only thing that they lack is public relations, where the good things that they are doing can come out. And they don't have a firm doing PR work for them."

That's where Jimmy would come in. The problem, however, is that the Greek government hasn't yet picked up Jimmy's option. Others have. Like the Chevy dealers of Kansas City who advertised Jimmy saying that chances are two to one that car buyers would get a "fairer deal" at their local Chevy dealer. According to Jimmy, this odds was arrived at by the simple arithmetic calculation that Chevy outsells the next make by a volume of two-to-one. Thus, assuming that all car deals are "fair" deals, the chances are . . .

Jimmy the Greek gives the edge to Edge shaving cream, five to two. He is a bit uneasy discussing the Chevy ad but he is proudest of his Edge television commercial. In fact, says the Greek, he cut the odds on the company. Edge had wanted Jimmy to say three to one but Jimmy looked at the figures and said, hey, fellas, this is five to two.

Jimmy has a strange way of justifying his election pick of Nixon over McGovern. One never really doubted his final choice, Nixon, but it was surprising how he arrived at this selection on the basis of the 27 criteria he used. The Greek's line on the Presidential election looked like this:

Nixon		McGov.
	ISSUES	
10	Foreign Affairs	2
10	Business	2
7	Military	1
9	Law & Order	7
7	Busing	3
7	Economy	6
7	Welfare	7
8	Farm Subsidy	10
7	Fed. Spending	7
3	Rev. Sharing	3
6	Vietnam	4
–		–
81		52
	IMAGE	
10	Recognition	8
9	Politician	4
7	Credibility	3
7	Charisma	5
7	Intelligence	4
9	Religion	8
–		–
49		32

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Nixon		McGov.
	SUPPORT	
10	Foreign Support	1
8	Financial	3
10	Republicans	½
4	Democrats	6
10	Big Business	2
6	Jewish-Amer.	4
6	Independents	3
6	Labor	4
5	Youth	5
3	Minorities	6
68		35½

(The lights are hot and Jimmy the Greek is perspiring more now. There have been several takes of a few questions and the ABC-TV crew is beginning to prepare cutaways so that Howard can appear facing the camera when he asks questions. But before that, Howard must say his good-byes.)

"Thank you very much, Jimmy, I've enjoyed it."

"Thank you for having me, Howard."

"Jimmy the Greek Snyder . . . and I'll be back in just one minute," says Howard the star looking at the camera.

"Keep everything rolling," says Terry the producer. "Do it again, Howard."

"Well, thank you very much Jimmy, I've really enjoyed it."

"Thank you for having me, Howard."

"An insight into the unique, the fascinating, the distinctive Jimmy the Greek Snyder. A look as it were into the man behind the legend. This is Howard Cosell saying so long for now."

"Okay, cut it," says Joe.

(Cosell gets up from the sofa, shakes Jimmy's hand. Mickey the writer walks toward them.)

"Howard, that's a great interview," says Mickey.

"I think the close should be very short," says Howard. "I know exactly what I want to say and how I want to say it. You want me doing that at the desk?"

"Yes," says Terry the producer. "I do want a change of scene."

(When we see Howard again, he is seated at Jimmy's massive white desk which sits on a raised stage. The lights are all on Howard now but their glare is muted by the translucent cloth that masks them. The desk is neat, completely uncluttered. Howard's hands are casually clasped in front of him. He looks diffidently at the camera. He closes his eyes, then opens them again. He seems to be asleep. But he is not. When he opens his eyes, he opens them suddenly. Like a cat. We hear his voice, an interior monologue:)

"Here, at Jimmy the Greek's desk, one is reminded of the fact that he was born Demetrios Synodinos. He became Jimmy the Greek Snyder, you see, in 1937, and since then he's become a legend. That's why we took a look behind the legend today, to meet this extraordinary fellow who sets the most authoritative odds line on every sports event in America. So, a very important figure in the structure of our society today and that's why we feel it was important to take a look behind the legend, to discover how he sets that line and to indeed get a forecast of some of the key future events and what his line is likely to be at that time. Oh yes, coming back to the beginning, what was the line on the Burton-Taylor marriage lasting? Even money, Jimmy says, and so far it looks like a good bet. One is reminded of the famous words of Rudyard Kipling: Oh, when again shall we see the likes of the Greek? This is Howard Cosell saying so long for now."

Jimmy the Greek Snyder has made it. He has successfully parlayed his "strength in the Southeast Conference" into a prosperous business enterprise, and along the way he has had occasion to rub shoulders with billionaires, presidents, military dictators, superstars, and mobsters. It is, we hear, a common story, reminiscent of the rise and transformation of Michael Corleone. The young Greek kid: knocking around Steubenville, hooked on gambling and football, graduating to Las Vegas and the shady world of high finance. Now he is playing out his hand, successfully discarding his old image of rococo gambler in the town that never sleeps. He doesn't even spend much time there these days, less than one week in the first three months of 1973. He's on the road--jetting into Louisville as the featured dinner speaker to the stockholders of Stouffer's International, popping into Little Rock for meetings with Tom Meyers and the Bigelow mobile home people, zipping over to the Netherlands Antilles to spend a week with the ad folk from *Time*, priming them with his choice of *Time* as 2-to-1 over *Newsweek*. Then, on to San Francisco where he is "America's No. 1 Odds-Maker With a Word About America's No. 3 Shock." His word: 100,000-to-1 that Columbus Shocks will be No. 1. For Kansas City automobile buyers, his word was 2-to-1 that they'd get a fairer deal from K.C.'s Chevy dealers. When we caught up with him in Vegas, the Greek had just returned from New York where he and Howard Cosell had just finished a week of appearances on behalf of Aurora Toys. As we left town, the Greek was back on the road to New York, Washington and Miami and more personal appearances.

Oddsmaking has become a sidelight for Jimmy the Greek, a front for a successful career in business, a way to keep the legend alive and the cash register ringing. His numbers are in as great demand as ever, but now they lack the old reliability.

"BREAKS NEW GROUND"
– N.Y. Times

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by Richard J. Barnet

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It was perhaps inevitable, in an age when football and baseball have become billion-dollar industries. After all, if the stars can sell cologne, and milk, and electric razors, why shouldn't America's Number One Oddsmaker sell mobile homes and shaving cream?

Ours is a cynical era and the Greek has prospered in it, no doubt by heeding the immortal words of Lenny Bruce, "It's time to grow up and sell out." Who today would take the trouble to echo the plaintive cry of the little boy who tugged at the sleeve of Shoeless Joe Jackson, "Say it ain't so, Jimmy." ■

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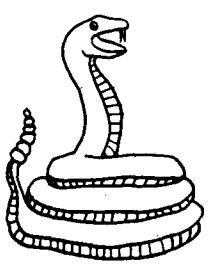

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Ramparts

To our newstand readers: We thought you might like to see this letter which we recently sent to Ramparts Readers.

Dear Subscriber,

The times, it seems, keep on a-changing. We now find ourselves in one of those twilight moments of beginnings and endings. First came the death of *Life.* Then Truman—crusty old populist and architect of the Cold War—went to meet his Maker. Four weeks later, at almost the exact moment Kissinger and Le Duc Tho were consenting to smile before breathless television crews, it was LBJ. It seemed as if his passing and the next evening's announcement that the United States was ending its overt military intervention in Vietnam were part of one act. Do these events mark the new beginnings of a coming age?

Hindsight, as they say, is always 20/20. We must struggle along without it. But it doesn't take any startling clairvoyance to see that one of the critical issues of our time is the growing conflict between the American government and the American press. The battle lines have been drawn. Newark's Peter Bridge and William Farr of the Los Angeles *Times* have done time for refusing to sing to grand juries. Paul M. Branzburg of the Detroit *Free Press* is wanted for questioning in Kentucky.

As if this were not enough, the administration has upped the ante into electronic media, threatening to hold local TV stations accountable for the "objectivity" of network news. PBS funds have been severely cut back, and "friends of Nixon" are challenging the licenses of two Florida television stations owned by the Washington *Post-Newsweek* group. The administration is not only concerned with things negative: while doing this hatchet work with one hand, it is pumping for the Bicentennial celebration —which it describes as "the greatest single peace-time public mobilization effort in our Nation's history"—with the other. Put it all together, and you have a formula for mass opinion control not unlike that conjured up by George Orwell over a quarter century ago.

Horrified as we are at this prospect, we cannot identify wholeheartedly with the media conglomerates which are now fending off the Nixon administration's attacks and bemoaning the loss of press freedoms. Those of you who read our "First Word" in the March issue know of our reservations. Basically, it boils down to this: their claims to be the last bastions of sweetness and light ring a little hollow. Although they seem heroic in contrast to their present enemy, we must not forget their role in sanctioning early American involvement in Southeast Asia and blackguarding opposition to the war. Today they remain an ideological center of power.

We are often reminded of the rank bias of the established media by the number of articles which come to *Ramparts* after being rejected elsewhere for reasons unrelated to their quality. Recently, for example, one national monthly sent us a story on Honeywell's manufacture of anti-personnel weapons. It could not use the piece, we were told, for fear of "offending advertisers."

William Rodgers' expose of ITT—in the March *Ramparts*—came to us after an even stranger odyssey through the magazine world. It started out as a 5000-word story for *Esquire,* which wanted a profile of ITT chief executive Harold Geneen. After starting work on it, Rodgers decided that he really did not care to do what he calls a "pallid little light-hearted piece on Geneen, and so he approached *New York* magazine about a more detailed investigative article. *New York* liked the idea, gave him an advance, and sent him out after the story. He worked hard on the piece, amassing hundreds of pages of notes. Then one day in June, while he was bike-riding in Washington, his files mysteriously disappeared from the rear of his bicycle, where they had been firmly anchored. He went looking for them, even called in the police, but the files had vanished. So he reconstructed them as best he could, completed a text and submitted it. *New York,* at this point, began to develop qualms. The editors confessed to Rodgers that they would be making "an enemy—a big enemy" by running the piece, though they insisted that they planned to go ahead with it anyway. Delay followed delay, and the article—originally scheduled to run at the time of the Republican convention—did not appear in August, or September.

Late in October, Rodgers—still awaiting word from *New York*—received a curious phone call from a certain John Shaefer, ITT's lawyer in Washington. Shaefer said that Harold Geneen's office had sent him a packet of documents and notes which had been picked up off the streets *some three months earlier.* He asked Rodgers to arrange to take possession of them, which the author did forthwith. By this time, Rodgers was convinced that *New York* had been pressured into killing the piece (a charge which *New York* denies). He demanded it back and submitted it to *Ramparts* through our Washington editor, Brit Hume.

We have traditionally published articles which our colleagues in the magazine world find too controversial. We will continue to be a sort of journalistic court of the last resort. But we will also continue to print pieces which other, wealthier publications would pay dearly to get. Take the excerpt from Kurt Vonnegut's novel, *Breakfast of Champions,* which we featured in our February issue. Vonnegut turned down lucrative offers from several other magazines and let *Ramparts* have it for a fraction of the price. Why? Well, it partly involves a friendship between Vonnegut and *Ramparts* dating back to the time we published an excerpt from his then unknown work, *Slaughterhouse Five.* But it also is based on the fact that he wanted to place a portion of his book with a magazine whose spirit he felt was kindred to his own.

Yet the question remains—for you as for us—what focus should a radical magazine have in an era

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when the Presidents, and some of the causes, that deepened our radicalism seem to be passing on. In recent weeks several readers have written to express concern over what they saw as fundamental changes in the nature of *Ramparts*. One thoughtful subscriber wrote: "What *Ramparts* claims to be and for me ought to be is a radical magazine, dealing with social problems and muckraking from the point of view of the non-sectarian left. If there are articles on popular culture, they ought to be (1) brief, rather than 40 percent of the magazine and (2) presented strictly as aids to radical analysis of the culture rather than as bits of gossip worthy of the *New Yorker*."

In fact, we *have* been broadening our coverage recently, including more cultural and feature pieces than in the past. This represents part of a plan to enlarge our constituency *without altering the basic political thrust of the magazine.* As we noted before, the times are changing; the 70s will be different from the 60s. This is not to say that history is dead, that ideology has ended, or that the processes which we analyzed so carefully in the past have now suddenly stopped. But the intense political activity of the late 60s has abated, giving way to a quieter epoch which will probably yield in time to another stormier era.

At this particular juncture, we can either consolidate ourselves as a small sectarian journal speaking to a coterie of the faithful, or we can attempt to broaden our audience to include those who may be open to a radical point of view but not totally convinced.

This is really no choice at all. *Ramparts* is a political institution, committed to reaching ever-growing numbers of readers; reaching them *without* altering the basic content of our journalism. It is a tricky task walking this razor's edge, as you might imagine. Even trickier is the fact that *Ramparts* remains rooted in those awful publishing economics which killed *Life, Look* and the *Saturday Evening Post,* and which threaten most other magazines.

The crucial difference between us and those publications is our reliance on our own readers for sustenance and strength. Big advertising was never in the cards for us; and we have long since disillusioned the financial sugar daddies who once found us chic. Long ago we opted for tiny salaries and no expense accounts, partly subsidizing the magazine by our own sweat.

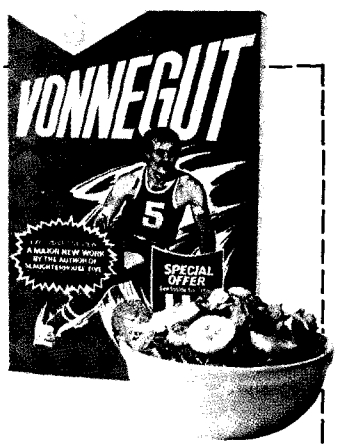
We have told you this before, and so as not to bore you by repetition, let us cite the testimony of one Ralph Stein, formerly a domestic spy for the U.S. Army. Stein, it seems, told Senator Sam Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights that he once gave a briefing to the CIA where he was asked if there was foreign financing for the "underground" press. "I had conducted a very exhaustive study of these papers and also of *Ramparts* magazine on which I did a separate, complete study, and I was prepared to tell that far from being financed from any hostile power abroad, it was a source of continual amazement to me that these papers could meet any deadline at all. The people who were putting out these papers were actually using their lunch money, and we could prove this. . . ."

Well, the lunch money is running low, and anyway we want to do more than meet our deadlines. We've got to move ahead—broadening the magazine, strengthening our circulation base, raking muck that sits undiscovered in remote parts of the country. All of that costs money—especially the investigative journalism—and the only place that money is going to come from is from you: the readers of *Ramparts.*

Look at it this way. *Ramparts* is one of the few radical institutions born of the 60s which has survived into the 70s. We have come this far because of you. You can insure that we carry on and, more than that, reach growing numbers of Americans.

For the editors, Bo Burlingham

We are asking our subscribers to help us out by renewing their subscriptions now—even if they are not due to expire. Others we simply urge to subscribe. If our needs alone don't move you, let us offer a small inducement: a free copy of Kurt Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions. The book, scheduled for publication in May, retails at $7.95.



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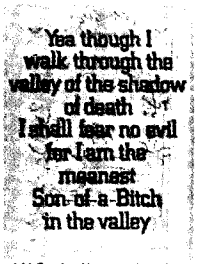
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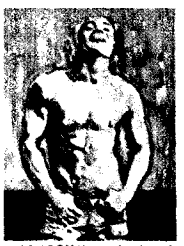

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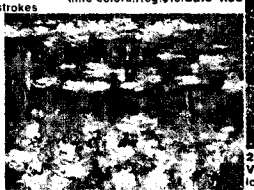

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